

SCREENLAND

August

15c



Lana Turner

Copyright
Serial Record
JUL 20 1945

★ *Picture Scoop!* ★
BING CROSBY and
INGRID BERGMAN
in "The Bells of St. Mary's"

JUL 19 1945

No other Shampoo...

**only Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!**

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre*... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves

no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair*... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... because the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use it. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!



ANOTHER STUNNING TOPKNOT hair-do... with that sleek, smooth look which marks all smart Parisian hair-dos. The hair is brought up to the true crown of head and the ends rolled into one big, fanned-out puff. For shining smoothness, use Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Here's BETTINA BOLEGARD... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... interpreting for you

Hair-do news from Paris

To make sure you always get the last word in hair-do news—from Paris as well as New York

Drene now has its own Paris correspondent. Whenever there's big hair-do news from anywhere, Drene will see that you get it

THE SMARTEST Parisian hair-dos feature a topknot arrangement of some sort. Here all hair is brushed sleekly up and over to one side, held firmly with rubber band, then ends arranged in three big shining puffs, *tilted to one side*. (The way you'd tilt a hat!) The shining smoothness is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE YOUNGER GENERATION of smart Parisians wear back hair down, with a long, long look! But the front hair is pulled up sleekly off the face. Here ends of front hair form topknot puffs. Remember that no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo



WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

"All you care about
is pretty girls!"



GIRL: And if a girl's like me, and isn't pretty, she might as well stay home!

CUPID: Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a *plain* girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means *you*, Sis!

GIRL: Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't got a sparkling smile... What then?

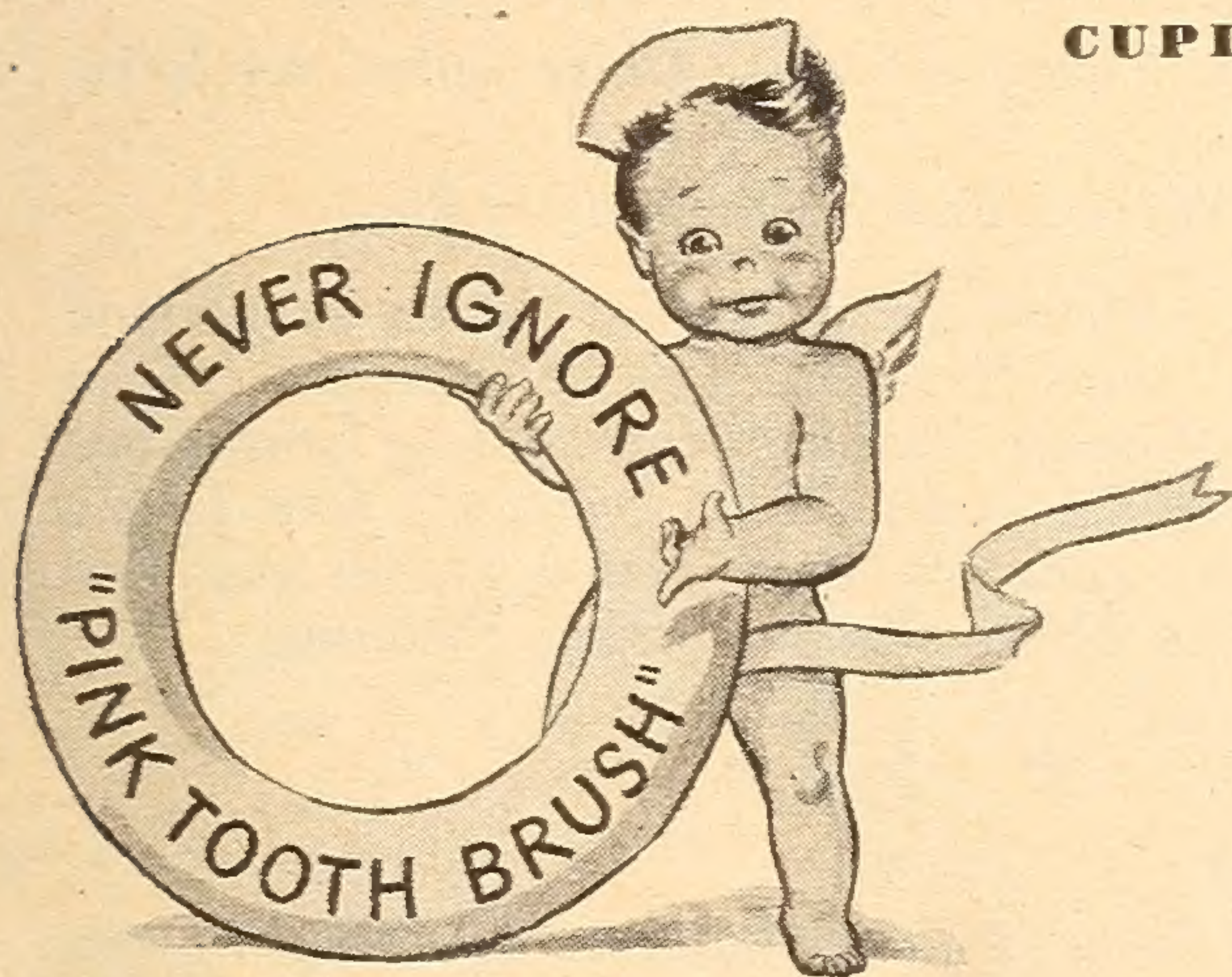
CUPID: You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

GIRL: And if I have?

CUPID: You see your dentist right away!

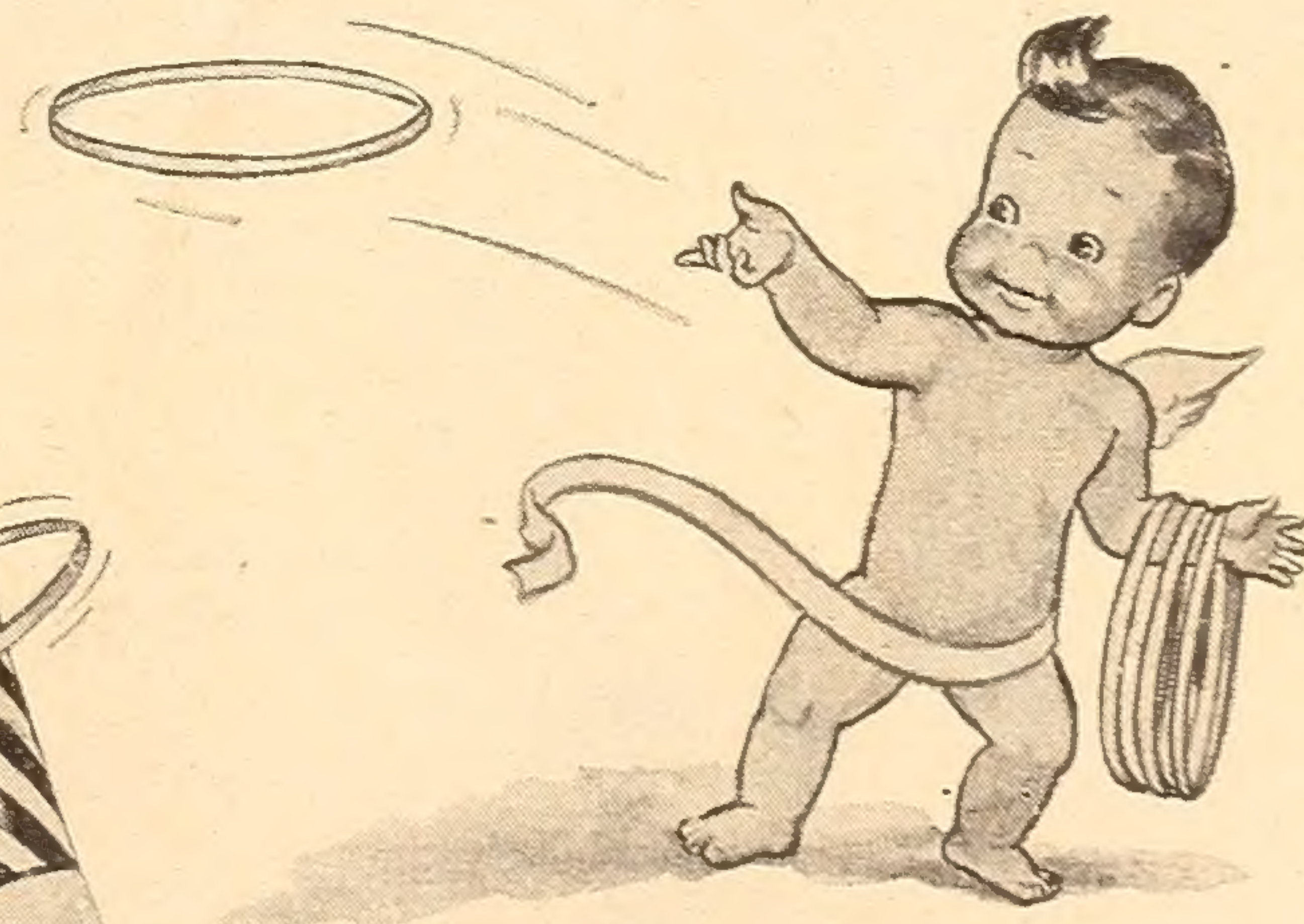
GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Angel... dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

CUPID: Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

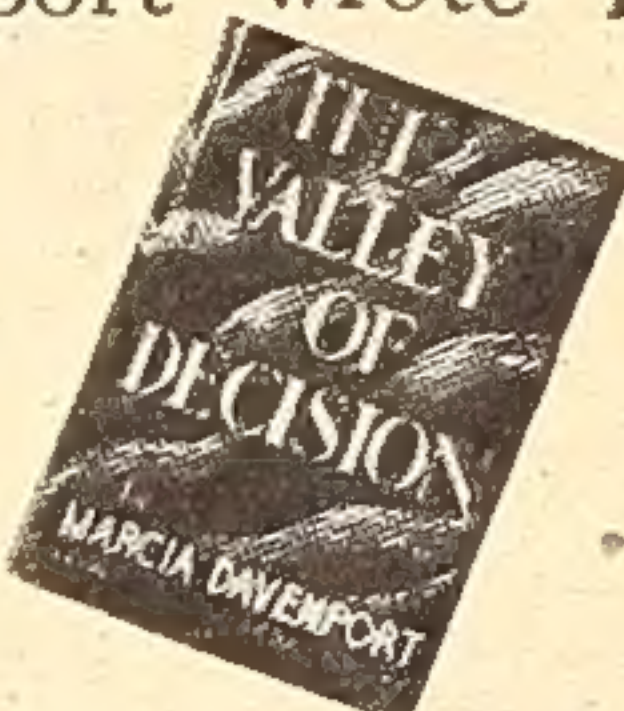
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.



Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

And you'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".



Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don't you?
We'll meet you there.

—Lea



SCREENLAND

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DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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FRANK J. CARROLL,
Art Director

ANTHONY FERRARA,
Assistant Art Director



JACK ALBIN, Staff Photographer

★ Every Story a Feature! ★

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Full Color Portraits: ★ ★ ★

Gene Tierney in 20th Century-Fox's "A Bell For Adano"
Gary Cooper and Loretta Young in "Along Came Jones" for International Pictures
Joan Leslie, starring in Warner Bros.' "Rhapsody In Blue"

Picture Pages: Dance, Little "Dollies" (Betty Grable and June Haver in "The Dolly Sisters"); Give "Gabby" a Hand! (George "Gabby" Hayes); Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman in "The Bells Of St. Mary's"; One Ladd's Family (Alan Ladd); Look at Lana! (Lana Turner and Van Johnson); Dressed to Thrill (Eleanor Parker Fashions)

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Cover Portrait of LANA TURNER, starring
in MGM's "Weekend At The Waldorf"

AUGUST, 1945

VOLUME FORTY NINE
NUMBER TEN

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

IT'S MUSICAL BLISS
WITH EVERY KISS WHEN

VAN JOHNSON

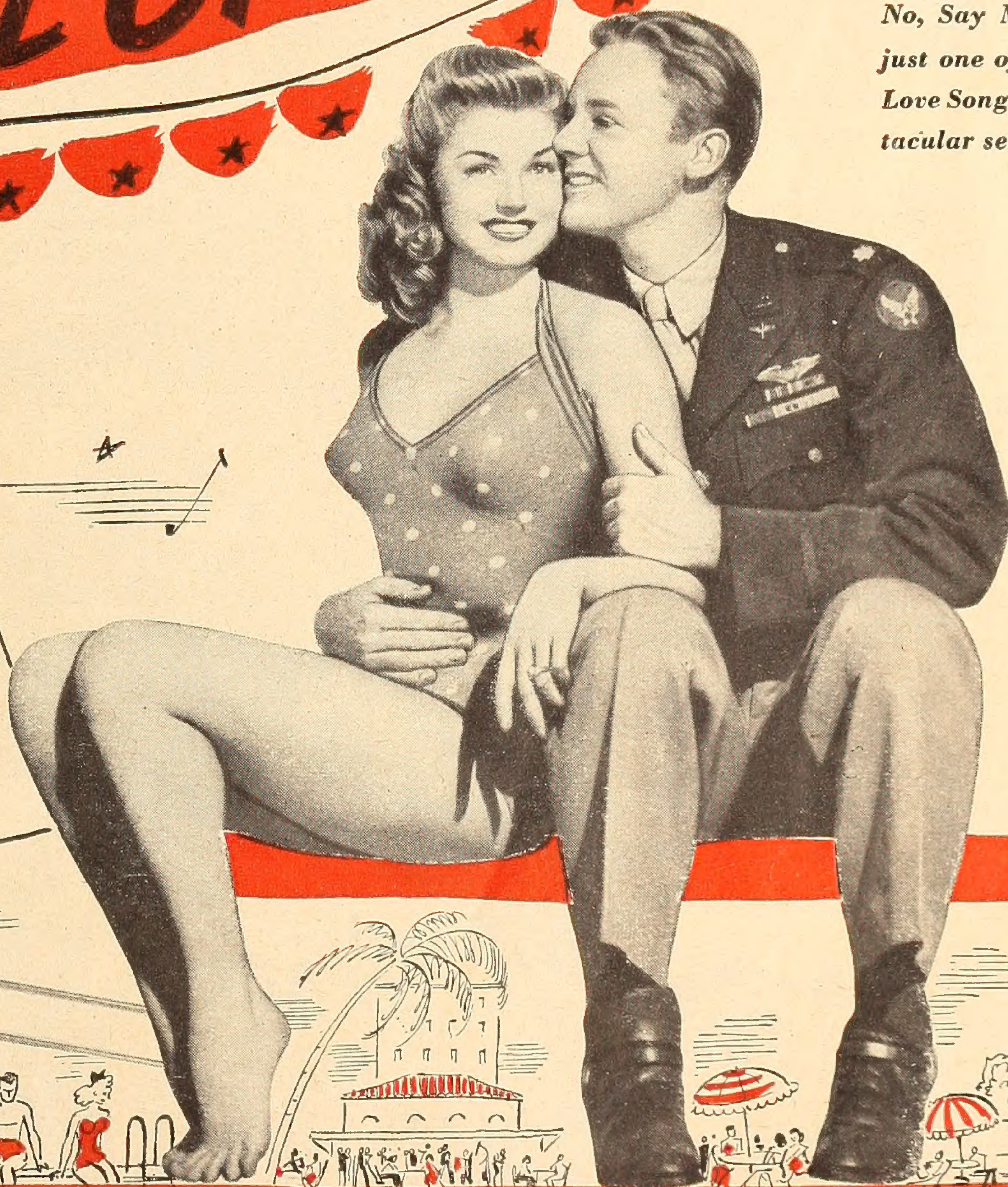
HAS A WONDERFUL LOVE AFFAIR WITH

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AND THEY'RE SO GORGEOUS TOGETHER IN M.G.M.'S BIG TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL

"THRILL OF A ROMANCE"

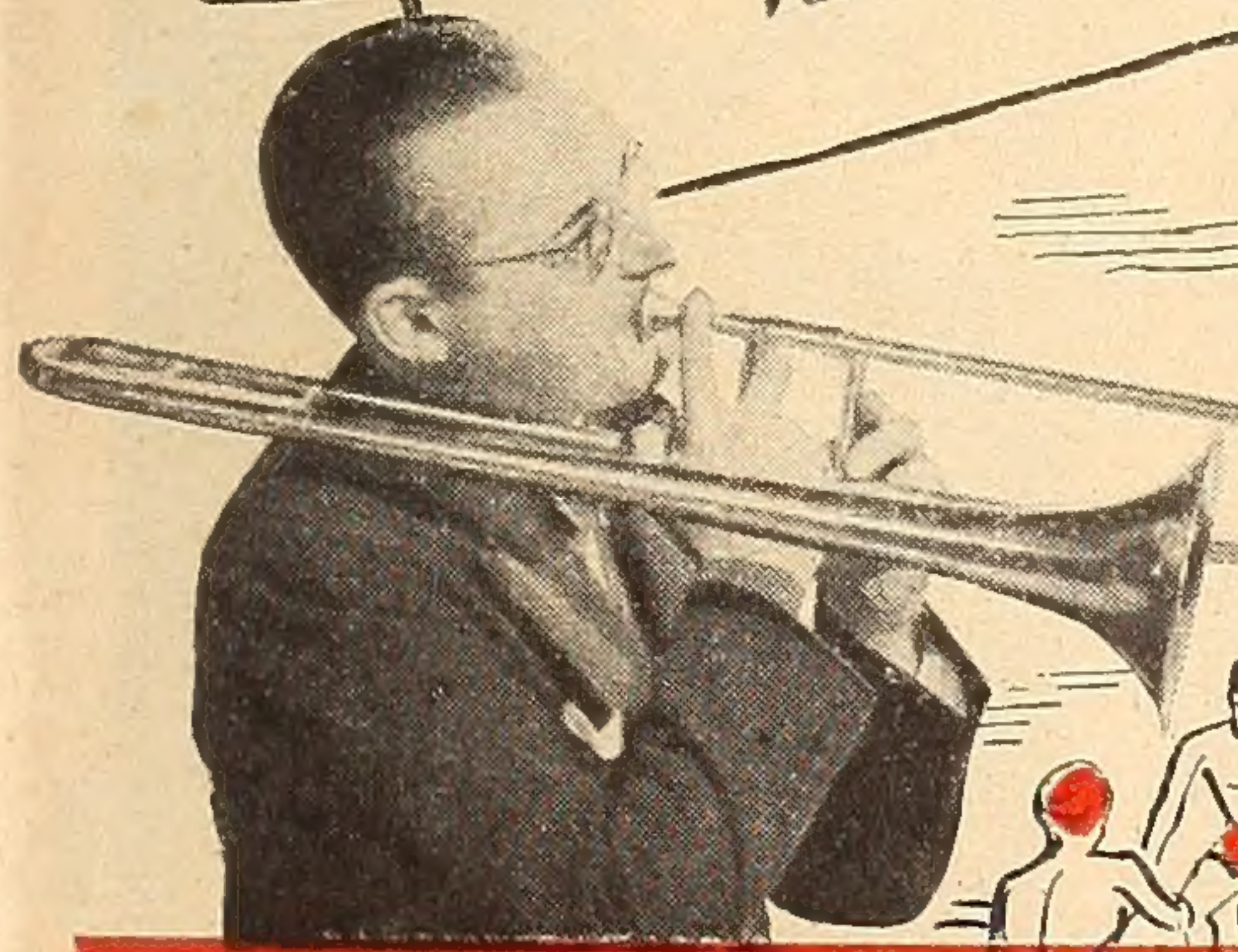
"Please Don't Say
No, Say Maybe"—
just one of the Hit
Love Songs in spec-
tacular settings!



*Preview
tip-off!*

"It's got everything
a lavish musical
should have — de-
lightful songs, gor-
geous Technicolor
—and Van Johnson!
A Knockout!"

Variety Magazine



FRANCES GIFFORD • HENRY TRAVERS • SPRING BYINGTON
And Introducing **LAURITZ MELCHIOR** • **TOMMY DORSEY** and his ORCHESTRA
Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

One of the greatest
advancements in
*Intimate Feminine
Hygiene*
ever discovered!



**You Can Now Enjoy Hours
of Continuous Medication**

Here is a blessing for you exacting women who have long desired an easier, daintier, and more convenient method of intimate feminine cleanliness—ZONITORS.

1. Zonitors are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which offer an easier, daintier and more convenient method.
2. Powerfully germicidal yet so safe to delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.
3. When inserted—Zonitors quickly begin to release their powerful germicidal qualities. Yet they're not the type which quickly melt away.
4. Zonitors are especially made to afford continuous medication and they keep on releasing their precious properties for hours.
5. Zonitors immediately kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE—Zonitors kill all reachable living germs and keep them from multiplying.
6. Zonitors destroy offending odor.
7. They never leave any sticky residue. Buy today—any drugstore.



FREE: Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. 9832, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

A FAMOUS Hollywood hostess had been trying desperately to get Betty Hutton as a dinner guest. Finally Betty, who wasn't very impressed, agreed to accept if she could bring her new boy friend. The hostess beamed and cooed. With visions of Betty walking in with Cary Grant, at least, all was hysterical on the social front. Then Betty arrived—with Barry Fitzgerald! If the hostess was disappointed, Betty wasn't. She and Barry have been "dating" (not steadily) ever since!

IF IT ain't love between Ava Gardner and Artie Shaw—well, it looks like love. While the Shaw's away, the Gardner likes to play. But here's the way it works. If Ava is invited out, she calls Artie in San Francisco and tells him about it. She also puts her "date" on the line so Artie will know who he is. When she returns home later on in the evening, she calls Artie to tell him good night. It's all very cozy and no one gets hurt feelings.

A CARTON of cigarettes reached Turhan Bey in Hollywood recently. It came from a soldier fan overseas. The package was addressed to "Lana's Turkish Delight, Hollywood, U.S.A."

Below, Dick Haymes and Maureen O'Hara, co-stars of 20th Century-Fox's "Kitten On The Keys," study the script. Barry Fitzgerald is visited on "And Then There Were None" set by Jim Cagney.



Dale Evans, who has been Roy Rogers' leading lady in all his musical westerns for Republic, steps out to say hello.

The Laugh-a-Minute
Lowdown
On The Birth
Of The Swoon!

Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!



Out Of this World

starring
Eddie Bracken
He's got it, but it isn't his!

Veronica Lake
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!

Diana Lynn
She leads the most beautiful all-girl band in the world.

with **Cass Daley** beating Those Gol Darn Drums
and **Carmen Cavallaro** • **Ted Fiorito** • **Henry King** • **Ray Noble**
Joe Reichman playing together for the first time!

A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker

**HEAR BING'S
VOICE SING—**

"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around
Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU
SEE THOSE 4
CROSBY KIDS!



ANN RUTHERFORD

glamorous Hollywood star featured in "Bed-side Manner," an Andrew Stone Production



Overnight... YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one application of this famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous! Prove it with the very first overnight application. Glover's will add beauty to your favorite hair-do. It will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

TRIAL SIZE—Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the famous Glover's 3-way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect instantly!



2—Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo (hard or soft water). Makes hair soft, lustrous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingers!



3—Use Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair—it's non-alcoholic and antiseptic! Try the new "finger-tip" application at home!

Your hair will be Lovelier with

Glover's

with massage for
DANDRUFF, AN-
NOYING SCALP
and EXCESSIVE
FALLING HAIR



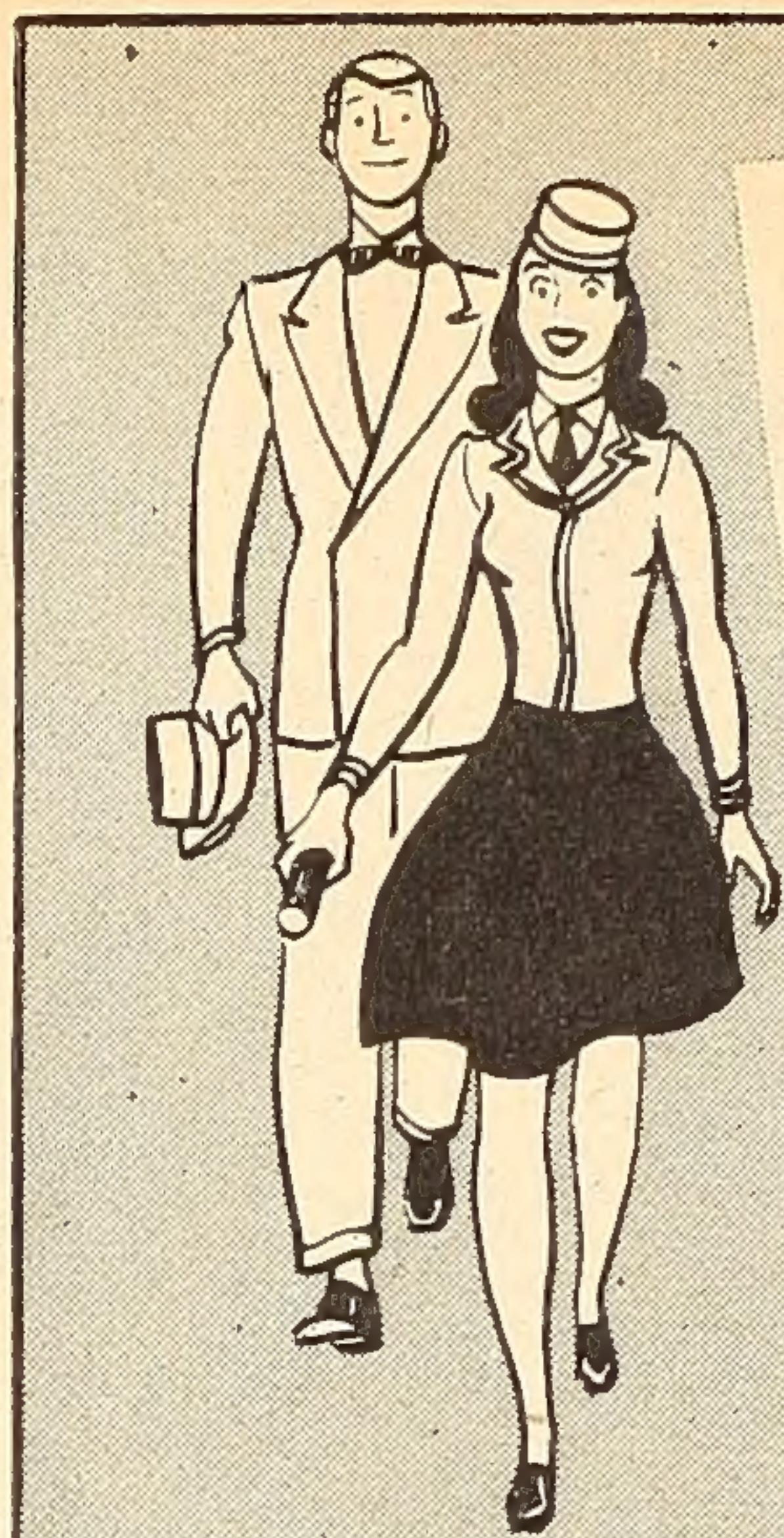
GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 808, New York 1, N.Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper, by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans



THE VALLEY OF DECISION—MGM

The ingredients of Marcia Davenport's well-loved novel give the producers of this film co-starring Greer Garson and Gregory Peck an excellent choice of mellow, poignant material. The story, with Greer as an Irish maid in the household of a proud steel owner (Donald Crisp) and Gregory as the son and heir who falls madly in love with her, is a perfect set-up for the talents of both stars. Lionel Barrymore, as her father who holds the mill owner responsible for the loss of his legs in a factory accident, furnishes plenty of conflict to make the happy ending all the more enjoyable. Marsha Hunt and Preston Foster head fine cast.



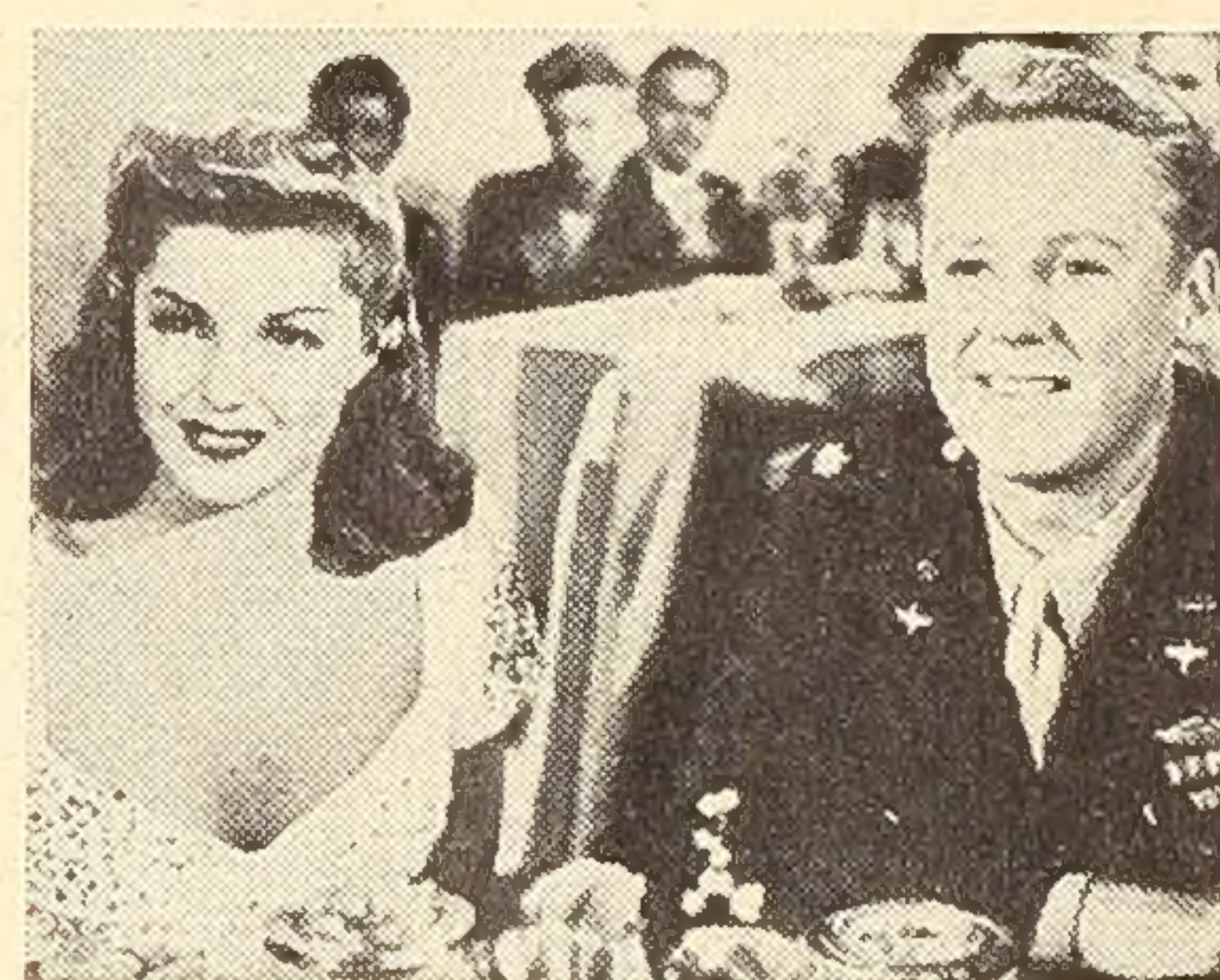
BLOOD ON THE SUN—Cagney-U.A.

Occupying a major portion of this well-turned plot is that infamous document, the Tanaka Memorial plan for world conquest. However, there is not too much stress laid on its points, a few of which are mentioned by the principals: James Cagney, as a tough managing editor of the *Tokyo Chronicle*; Sylvia Sidney, who makes a grand comeback in the feminine lead as an Eurasian girl; John Emery as *Baron Tanaka*; *Tojo* (Robert Armstrong), *Yamamoto* (Philip Ahn); Wallace Ford and James Bell, reporters. For action, excitement, and thrills it's superior, with James Cagney meeting all of his enemies in amazing Judo contests.



CONFLICT—Warners

This psychological mystery comes within a hair's breadth of being a top-notch, simply because one important clue was made a trifle too obvious. But it's no great fault and you'll find yourself in suspense until the denouement that will prove you *were* right. Humphrey Bogart does a fine job as the clever architect who plans a perfect crime when he finds he loves his wife's sister and becomes obsessed with the idea to let nothing stand in his way. Like all perfect crimes, it backfires in a way that will have you wavering between two decisions. Alexis Smith, as the sister, is a sweet contrast to Rose, Hobart's nagging wife.



THRILL OF A ROMANCE—MGM

Here's a film especially designed to send the Van Johnson brigade of admirers into swoons of delight. With the beautiful Esther Williams, a bride who finds herself on a husbandless honeymoon, a Technicolorful background of a fashionable resort, and Van Johnson playing a war hero only too glad to while away her lonely hours, the accent is strictly on romance. But with Lauritz Melchior, making his movie debut in a substantial rôle of matchmaking opera singer, and Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra in jam sessions, there is plenty of interest for music lovers too. Spring Byington and Henry Travers are good in comedy rôles.



ALONG CAME JONES—International-RKO

Gary Cooper very wisely picked a horse opera with character for his first effort as a producer. It's definitely not a run-of-the-mill western, even though it does incorporate the usual action. Gary knows how it all should be done. He has played just such rôles in his career, but this time he plays an easy-going cowpoke who can't hit the side of a barn. However, he knows ninety verses of a cowboy song and he'd sing all of them for you if he had the time. Loretta Young, as his leading lady, takes most of that. He helps her outlaw friend escape, but things would have gone smoother if he hadn't. (More reviews on page 15)

WARNER BROS. STUDIOS
BURBANK, CALIF.

Dear Fans,
Barbara Stanwyck
and Dennis Morgan
are spending a very
merry
"Christmas in
Connecticut"



The romancin's rosy
and the fun's furious and everybody's
going to be there! You're invited!

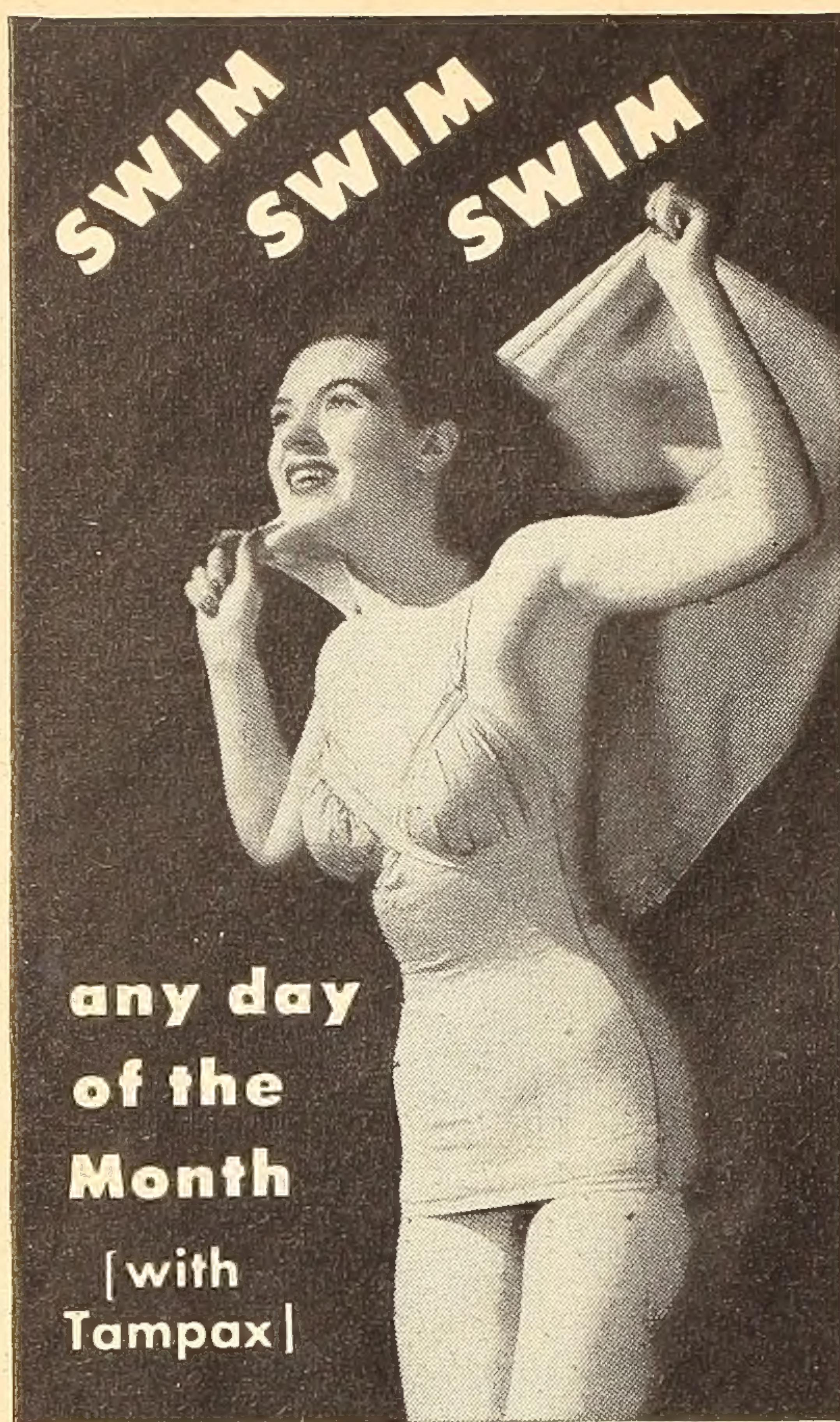
Warner Bros.
(The happy hosts)



Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show
to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

BARBARA STANWYCK • DENNIS MORGAN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET in
"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" with REGINALD GARDNER • S. Z. SAKALL • ROBERT SHAYNE
Directed by PETER GODFREY • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS • Screen Play by Lionel Houser and Adele Commandini • From the Original Story by Aileen Hamilton



YOU need not stay out of the water on "those days" now that *Tampax* is available because this form of sanitary protection is worn internally, throwing pins and belts completely into the discard. Whether the suit is wet or dry, *Tampax* remains invisible and unsuspected, with no bulging or ridges whatever. Get away from your conservatism this summer. Go modern! Do as millions of other women are doing all around you—use *Tampax*. It is handy to carry while traveling or vacationing. It causes no odor or chafing. It is quick to change and actually you do not feel it when in place. Easy disposal.

Invented by a physician, *Tampax* is made of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton, compressed in patented one-time-use applicator. There is a choice of 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior), to meet varying individual needs. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply fits into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' average supply. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



WRITE? RIGHT!

We want to hear from you! We're interested in your own special slants on pictures and players. Hollywood is interested, too—the producers, directors, screen writers and stars want to hear what **YOU** have to say. So sit right down and write to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 awards, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of each month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

\$10.00

Fear in the lives of human beings always has been and always will be. It's not something we want, but rather something that stays with us indefinitely if we are not careful. Quite a few people overcome it, many suppress it, others carry it with them to their grave.

Your articles in the May issue concerning June Allyson and Gail Russell are invaluable to those of us who, as yet, haven't conquered fear. The stories of their fight and ultimate victory give us new insights into our own problems. To put it into modern language, they are morale boosters to us who are fighting the common foe.

After seeing Gail in "Salty O'Rourke," I can hardly believe her story. Truly she has met the enemy-fear and the enemy is hers. In my estimation she is a great actress.

June is one of my favorites. The job she did in "Music For Millions" is tops as far as I am concerned. In that picture June was more real to me than any other actress has ever been. I am anxiously waiting for her next picture.

Pfc. **JOHN O. COLE**, Rome, Georgia

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

\$5.00

It seems every time I pick up a paper or magazine I find an article panning movies and movie-makers for the bad impression they make on children, other countries, etc.

The average American movie-goer wants meaty, true-to-life, adult entertainment, not some foolish fairy story, all camouflaged with sweetness, light and just plain "baloney"!

Certainly box office receipts prove that Hollywood is presenting the kind of diversion the public wants, but there is and always will be a certain element that nothing can satisfy.

I propose a rousing cheer for movies "as-is," movies "as we like 'em!" As for the "squawkers," well—there "oughta" be a law!

MRS. ELEANOR FURNESS, Knoxboro, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS

\$1.00 EACH

If ever Hollywood should give out a "forgotten man" award, I cannot think of another person better qualified to receive it than Robert Preston. The other evening I brought down from the top shelf of my closet my Robert Preston scrapbook composed of pictures and stories collected three years ago when I was sixteen and Bob was my idol. Few additions have been made in my book since he entered the service, not because of lack of effort on my part, but rather on the part of magazines and newspapers. Bits of information such as this: Preston at O.C.S., promoted to Captain, participates in Normandy invasion, then in campaigns in Germany, Holland, Belgium—this has taken the place of large headlines in movie magazines just three years ago: "Heavenly Hard Guy," "Paramount's Gable," "DeMille's Great White Hope," "Tarzan Timber" are typical.

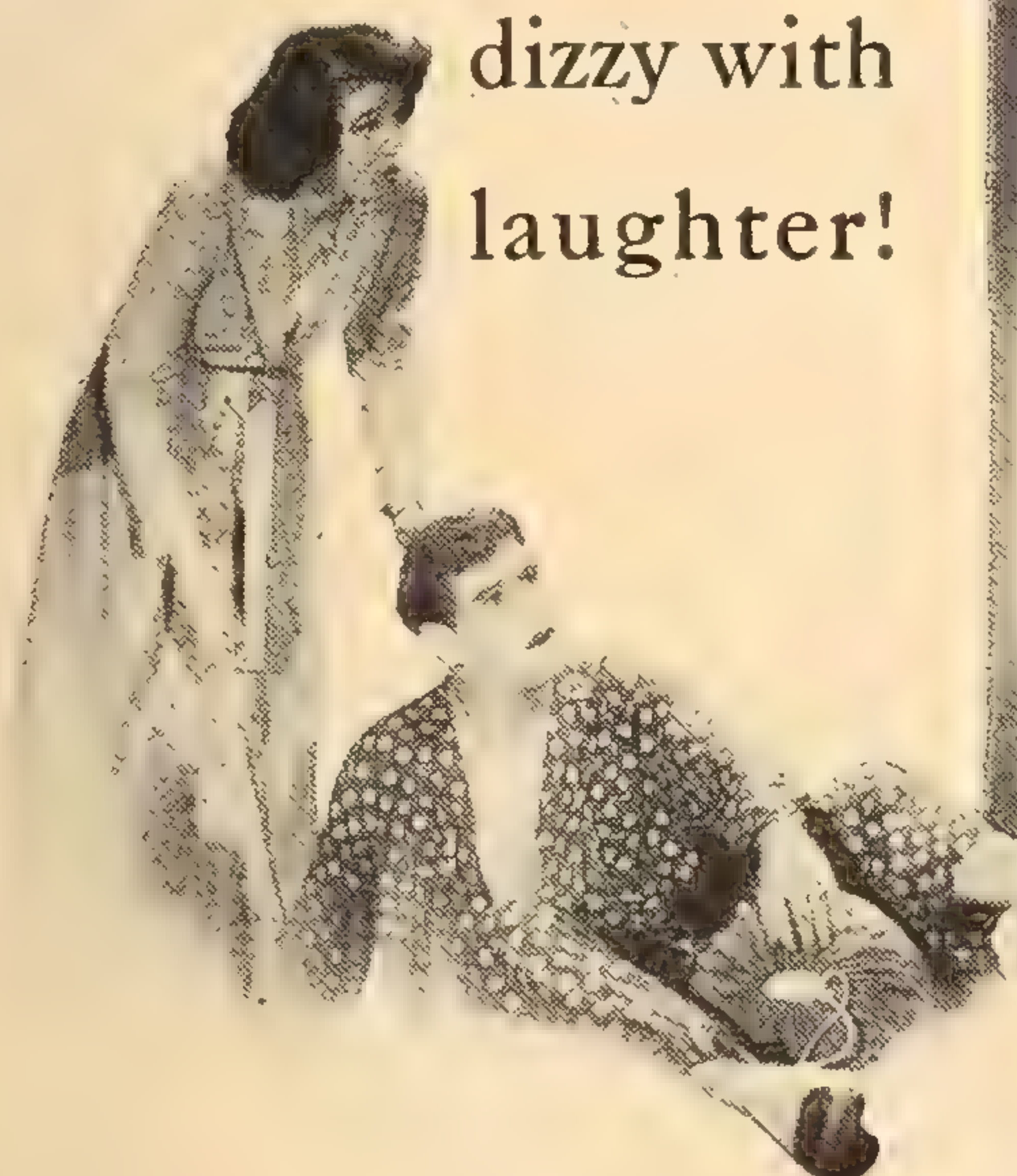
Yes, Sinatra, Johnson, and Hodiak are the actors who are entertaining the nation today, but it is men like Robert Preston



**BROADWAY'S HILARIOUS ROMANTIC
COMEDY NOW ON THE SCREEN!**

*So she picked up the ... marbles...and went
home to make love!*

Theirs the kind
of fun that makes
the world go round
...and round...and
round...until you're
dizzy with
laughter!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene
DUNNE

Alexander
KNOX

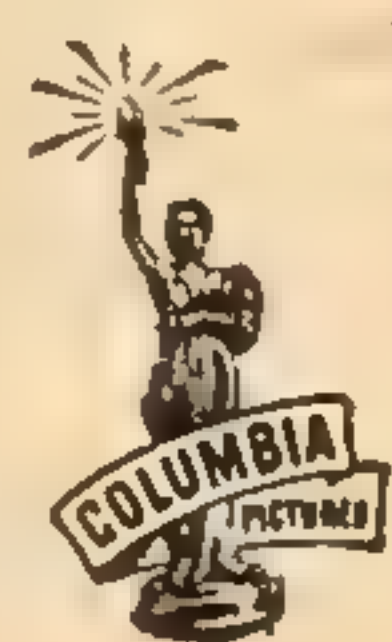
Charles
COBURN

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production

Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon • Screenplay by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



This picture has been
chosen for showing to our
Armed Forces overseas.

SCALP ODOR— *Not you?*



You might have scalp odor—and not know it. So why risk losing friends—missing out on dates? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight.

Your scalp perspires, you see, just as your skin does—and oily hair, in particular, very quickly collects unpleasant odors.

To be on the safe side, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packer's tonight. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



who are protecting our country and its freedoms so that we may always enjoy motion pictures.

MISS TRUDY LIBBEY, Newton Centre, Mass.

I'd like to pay a sincere tribute to Claudette Colbert for NEVER giving less than an excellent performance, for the dignity with which she has conducted her private life, and for setting a standard of off-screen behavior which any newcomer can look up to and emulate. Her name is never used flippantly in gossip columns, because she doesn't seek sensational publicity or try to startle her fans with bizarre costumes or coiffures. She's just a very good actress who gives everything to her job and never lets her public down. That's why her public doesn't and WON'T let Colbert down. Like Tennyson's brook, she is destined to "go on" for a very long time.

EILEEN MARY EGAN,
Jamaica Plain 30, Mass.

Hollywood did an excellent job on war pictures. They answered their purpose with great success, and were one of the outstanding mediums for making America war conscious. Especially was this true of the thousands of small places, like my own town, that were geographically located away from war camps, war industries, etc.

But now that war pictures have about finished their job, isn't it about time that the movie industry began making pictures that spotlight the post-war period that will be here soon? There isn't a person in this country but what will be tremendously interested in such pictures because every single one of us, civilians as well as servicemen, will be vitally concerned in what is ahead for us after the war.

Post-war pictures that are planned to help, should be pictures with a definite purpose. They shouldn't be Pollyanna pictures, either. They should be as real as it is possible to make them. Of course, we realize that no one knows exactly what the post-war period will bring, but there are many signs already of what we might expect, and these signs should prove very helpful to producers in planning motion pictures that will help put this country on its peace-time feet as successfully as war pictures undoubtedly helped us greatly in winning the war.

J. L. NORTON, Belpre, Ohio

Gee, I've sighed over Sinatra, Johnson and Walker. I've dreamed about Hodiak,

Andrews and Jaeckel, but never have I gone so completely over-board as I have for Tom Drake. To the "sane" people I may seem like a feather-brain liking so many at once but I'm a healthy American girl and can really do it without playing too much favoritism, excepting of course Tom Drake, who is king in my estimation.

Tom is the type who readily fits into anyone's dreams. He has the appealing charm of the boy next door combined with the glamor of a dashing knight in armor. He appears to be a kind, understanding and considerate being with a shy, boyish air about him.

Tom was perfectly wonderful in his "Maisie" and "St. Louis" pictures but he was even more so in "Two Girls And A Sailor" opposite Gloria DeHaven. Oh, for a picture with these two starred!

FRANCES LES, Utica 4, N. Y.

Dear Errol Flynn:

Congratulations on the finest acting you've ever done, that of *Captain Nelson* in "Objective Burma." Without the dash and derring-do which usually characterize your portrayals, you did a fine job as the leader of that group of men who having undergone intense hardships, finally came back to say, "Mission completed!" For once, you weren't the whole Army executing brave and unbelievable acts of heroism. You let the others have their chance to shine and as a result your acting shone out even more brilliantly for its sincerity and naturalness.

I would like just once to see you as the winner of the Academy Award. Perhaps this will do it. After all, the fact that you are very attractive and have sex-appeal shouldn't stand in your way as long as you can really act. It didn't Gable! Here's hoping!

LUCILLE JENNINGS, Beverly Hills, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

We urgently request more, yes, many more pictures of Lucille Ball—she of the flame-colored, rippling hair. And why? Well, there are those of us who think her quite the most glamorously beautiful of all. Who, we ask, can compare to Lucille when it comes to looking like and acting like MY LADY GORGEOUS? Who can wear clothes so smartly as she, the svelte charmer? Who can handle her hands with such exquisite, such flowing grace as Lucille Ball? Has anyone else such regal poise as



"Junior Miss," from Broadway stage hit, has been filmed by 20th Century-Fox with Peggy Ann Garner, at left, in title rôle. Other youngsters, Barbara Whiting, Scotty Beckett, Wm. Anderson.

The toughest killer's blazing guns
could not destroy their love...

Gary, in his grandest role,
as gun-shy, girl-shy Melody Jones,
- who swings into action to win the
heart of a killer's girl.

International Pictures presents

GARY COOPER • LORETTA YOUNG

in Nunnally Johnson's

"Along Came Jones"

with

WILLIAM DEMAREST • DAN DURYEA • Frank Sully

Produced by Gary Cooper

A Cinema Artists Corp. Production • Directed by STUART HEISLER
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Novel by Alan LeMay
An International Picture • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



DAN DURYEA,
of "Woman In The
Window" fame,
as Monte Jarrad,
the killer.

INTERNATIONAL



GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

The Picture that may change Your Life!

When a penniless ham actor starts
controlling the amazing Pidgeon
family (with their \$5,000,000
fortune), it's one of the most
unusual screen treats
you've ever known...



"The Cheaters"

starring

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

with

BILLIE BURKE • EUGENE PALLETTE • ONA MUNSON • RAYMOND WALBURN
and ANNE GILLIS • RUTH TERRY • ROBERT LIVINGSTON • DAVID HOLT
and ST. LUKE'S CHORISTERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

she? Who besides Lucille really achieves ultra-sophistication—quite to perfection, so that it seems altogether natural? Does anyone dare to think that these questions can be answered with aught but complete silence?

Furthermore, she can delightfully clown or satirize glamor while being very glamorous herself the while. This is no mean feat, for glamor is something that insists on taking itself quite seriously, to say the least.

This should give you a rough idea why she, Lucille Ball, is precisely our conception of a real movie queen, and why it is quite imperative, in this day of shortages, that there be no shortage of pictures of—guess whom?

JULIAN FARWELL, Phoenix, Arizona

She isn't pretty. In fact, she is quite plain, as far as her looks are concerned—but what a great little actress she is, and how she can tug at our heartstrings! Of course, I'm talking about little Margaret O'Brien.

I thought she was wonderful in "Meet Me In St. Louis," "Music For Millions," etc. She is already known and loved by millions—and she is still just a small child. What a future she must have before her!

The thought has often occurred to me, as I've watched this child, that America is truly the "Land of Opportunity" when plain-looking little girls with great talent—like Margaret—get the chance she is getting. There is no other country on earth that would give it.

I salute the movie industry for its grand work, not only in furnishing consistently fine entertainment, but also in providing the wonderful opportunities it does—for even little girls like Margaret O'Brien.

MRS. JOE L. NORTON, Belpre, Ohio

Golly! My heart is standing still as I gaze at the clear-cut features of Mr. Tom Drake. Is it possible that such a heart-rending look really exists? OHHHHH! I fear I am going to faint. Can you blame me? Mind you, I do not faint over Frank Sinatra, although I think he's wonderful, and I don't scream when I see Van Johnson on the screen. But, by golly, does that good-looking blond six-footer do something to me! I guess it's that infectious smile, or maybe those big brown eyes. Or maybe it's both. They just floor me.

It so happens that my two favorite actors are Lloyd Nolan and Humphrey Bogart. I have their pictures, pinned on the wall, at the head of my bed. Wouldn't it be wonderful?
(Please turn to page 94)



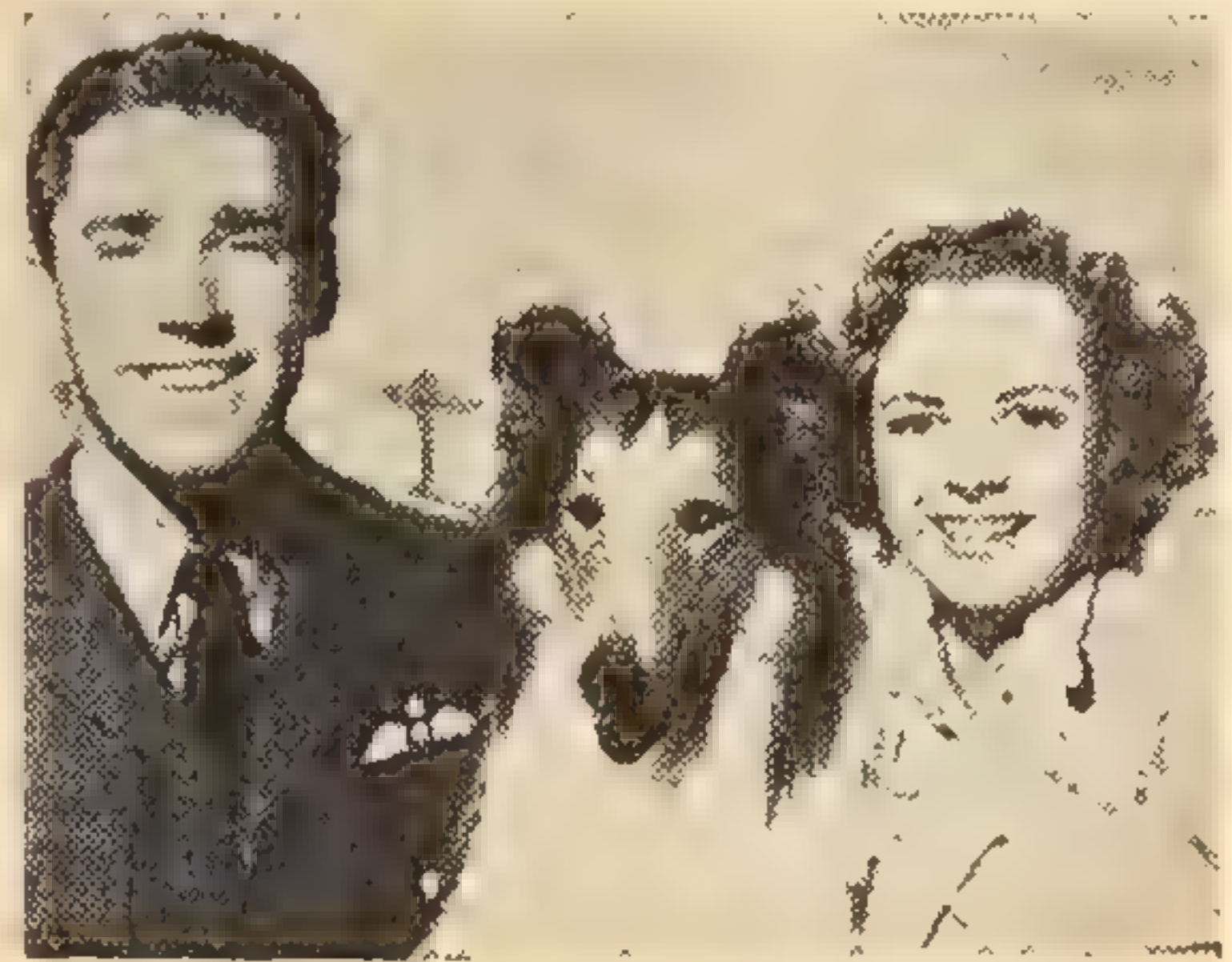
By special request of his fans: Closeup of Robert Livingston, handsome hero of Republic's "Tell It To A Star."

Your Guide to Current Films



THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS—RKO

The line drawn between the hero's real personality and his arrogant routine with the fair sex is so finely drawn that there is apt to be a little confusion on the subject. Robert Young, who plays the rôle, should be commended, however, for keeping the two as distinct as he does. He wasn't as much of a heel as he looked. It was just that old routine that blinded everybody—except Laraine Day, the heroine who unwisely declares her love for him, despite the objections of her mother (a wonderful part played by Ann Harding), who had been faced with a similar situation. Everything ends rosily—even without the aid of the girl's self-appointed "big brother," a strong rôle for that new guy Bill Williams.



SON OF LASSIE—MGM

If you saw "Lassie, Come Home" and enjoyed it, you won't want to miss this, its sequel, and whether you did or not, you'll want to see it anyway! That's the way with dogs. "Lassie" is seen only briefly, in the same setting as in the former picture, with Donald Crisp as the boy's father, trainer in the *Duke of Rudling's* (Nigel Bruce) kennels. But it is her son, *Laddie*, who covers himself with glory in the sequel, accompanying his master, Peter Lawford, a British paratrooper, on a mission over Norway. There is plenty of excitement in their escape from Nazis, leading to a happy ending with love interest, June Lockhart.



THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT—Warners

A fantastic dream, with harps and angels and worldly visits, provides Jack Benny ample scope for his stock in trade. But it's a combination some audiences may find a bit too ludicrous. Nevertheless there are many chuckles available in his situation of trumpet-playing angel given the job of sounding off four final notes which are supposed to cause the destruction of that trouble-making planet known as The World. Alexis Smith plays the other half of the angelic romance, Allyn Joslyn and John Alexander are funny fallen angels, Reginald Gardiner and Dolores Moran add interest as super crook and pretty accomplice.



There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?

Your bath takes care of past
perspiration, but to guard your future
freshness—the word is Mum!

YES, YOUR BATH washes away all *past* perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor *to come*. It can't safeguard your *future* freshness. That's a job safe, gentle Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake.

Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!

Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds doing. Mum *keeps* you nice to be near—its protection lasts all day or evening. No risk of offending odor now. And isn't it nice to know that Mum won't injure fine fabrics—won't irritate your skin? Every day, after every bath, smart girls use Mum.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable. Use it this important way, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

By Josephine Felts

AH, to be in Iceland now that mid-summer's here! Don't you feel like making that your theme song, when the humid days of August roll 'round? But there's no use crying about the impossible—especially when there are so many ways to get the better of the effects of heat and sun right here at home.

Of course, the natural reaction to heat is to flop somewhere and just stay there, with only the vigorous plying of a fan for exercise. Well, if the place you choose for flopping is at the beach or even in your own backyard—watch out! There is no better place to become miserable from the heat and sun unless you're careful. Of course, we're talking about sunburn, its prevention and cure. Every so often, you hear about some otherwise brilliant friend who left her suntan lotion at home one day and came back with an excruciatingly painful sunburn. It never got a chance to become a tan, it just peeled and freckled and left a splotchy com-

plexion instead. It can happen to you, too, unless you remember, when sitting in the sun, to use a sunburn preventative on all exposed parts of your body. Use a suntan preparation frequently and liberally—and don't stop when you turn brown, because an overdose of sun at any time can cause peeling and blistering. Where would your favorite movie star be if she let the scorching sun play havoc with her skin? You may not make your living before the camera, but your face and figure are still your fortune, so take care of them. And while we're talking about faces, remember that crow's feet and sun squint can ruin even the most perfect face—so try always to have your sun glasses with you when you're out in the sun.

A beach is a perfect place to keep cool, but when you can't get there because of transportation difficulties or too much back homework, there's still another place to keep cool and comfortable. What better place is there than your own bathtub? All good beauty routines start with a bath, and this goes double for hot weather. We suggest a tepid bath, not too hot, not too cold. And be

sure to relax while taking it. Try sprinkling some pine or flower-scented bath salts into the water. It takes only a minute to do, but the effect lingers for hours.

When you get out of the tub, pat yourself dry. Then powder yourself all over with your favorite dusting powder or talc. A dash of matching cologne or toilet water is also pleasantly refreshing. Naturally, you use your favorite deodorant after bathing or swimming. You can't rely on soap and water and fresh air alone to do all the work of keeping you fresh. There are many types of deodorants and anti-perspirants on the market and one is undoubtedly the perfect choice for you. They are in liquid, cream, or powder form, either scented or unscented. The anti-perspirants, which stop perspiration, can be applied to last for days; the deodorants, which don't stop perspiration, but do eliminate any offensive odor, should be used more often.

If your feet feel damp and uncomfortable in summer, there are products to prevent that. Foot powders have deodorants' properties and are cooling, too. Handy to use and giving a pleasant reaction are the astringents sticks.

Need we add, that in addition to bathing and the generous use of items for personal daintiness, it is also important to look your best? "Good grooming," the beauty ads call it—plain "common sense" is our word for it. Keep your hair neatly combed and out of your way—keep your make-up fresh and light. Remember that clean clothes, from inside out, can make a difference of degrees in your own private temperature reading.

There, now, we've told all: look and feel fresh, and you'll be fresh.

Beauty

COOLERS for MID-SEASON

A reminder on how to
take sun and heat,
and still remain
fresh and cool

Dolores Moran, Warner star seen with Jack Benny in "The Horn Blows at Midnight," is not forgetting her beauty routine no matter how hot it gets. Suntan lotion prevents burning and blistering, so she puts it on in liberal quantities, and often.





Was This the Night She Dreamed About?

Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so, that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference!

She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to

the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this wise and delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

It's Dynamite set to music!
AND IT TOPS THEM ALL!



George Raft



Joan Bennett

Virian Blaine

Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"



NOB HILL

IN TECHNICOLOR

ALAN "FALSTAFF OPENSHAW" REED • PULLY • COLEMAN • BARRIER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN

Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine • From a Story by Eleanore Griffen



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter To **'ARCHIE'**

Duffy's
Tavern

Gardner of radio's
star "Duffy's Tavern"
leaped on movie ca-
in Paramount's all-
version of the air
Ed as Archie, sur-
ed by such quaint
ants as Miss Duffy
Finnegan, emerges as
ate screen comedian.



HELLO, Archie!
Welcome to screenland
through SCREENLAND. We've
met before at NBC, but now that
you've been transplanted to the rare-
fied atmosphere of a gigantic movie
studio I thought I'd check up on you
and find out how you're doing.

The answer is you're doing all right.
So far you haven't gone Hollywood—
but Hollywood has gone all-out Ed
Gardner. You and your quaint assort-
ment of crude characters from radio's
"Duffy's Tavern" came out, looked
around, and took over Paramount.

"The greatest galaxy of stars ever gath-
ered together in one picture," to quot-
the publicity, are showing no pain at
stooging for the colossal dim-wit of
"Duffy's," the immortal Archie. Alan
Ladd, Veronica Lake, Marjorie Reyn-
olds, Victor Moore, Sonny Tufts,
Brian Donlevy—forty stars in all—
are mixing with the dumb Miss Duffy
(Ann Thomas), Clifton Finnegan
(Charley Cantor), and Eddie the
Waiter (Eddie Green). Yes, Archie
is really meeting the elite of the
movies, and not to eat—just to steal
a few scenes here and there.



All I hope is, you won't be insidi-
ously influenced by the subtle refine-
ments of the cinema capital, Gardner.
Go right ahead and mess up the flaw-
less diction and elegant accents of
some of our stars, but don't go effete
on us. "Duffy ain't here," but Archie
is, and we want him to stay.

Delight Evans

Gene Tierney Has

Here's a gal who looks as if she hasn't a care in the world. But when you read this very human story you'll learn that a Hollywood beauty has problems even as you and I

By Elizabeth Wilson

GENE TIERNEY is a movie star after my own heart. First of all she has a sense of humor that enables her to laugh at herself. And all I've got to say is heaven pity the family and friends of a star without a sense of humor. (And double pity the poor unfortunate writers who have to interview her!) Second of all Gene has a hearty appetite. None of that coy nibbling on a lettuce leaf or toying with a sliced tomato. I don't know what Gene does to keep that gorgeous figure. I suspect that she doesn't do a thing. But I know for a fact that she doesn't spare the groceries.

Take for instance the time I had lunch with her recently at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Gene breezed in from the "Dragonwyck" set in a beautiful billowy dress with a tight bodice—and you know what a tight bodice does to a girl's chest. "I could have taken the dress off and put on a robe," said Gene tucking in her skirts under the small table, "but I wear it over here every day hoping that Mr. Perlberg will see me and exclaim, 'Gene, I never realized it before—you're Amber!'"

Every movie star in Hollywood, with

the possible exception of Marjorie Main, is simply drooling to play the lead in "Forever Amber." Which goes to prove something. As Gene is now the hottest star on the Twentieth Century lot since the release of "Laura," and as that studio owns the movie rights of the book, she has a good chance of bagging Amber. "No one has asked me yet," says Gene sadly. But to date no one has been approached—except the Hays Office.

Gene surveyed the wreck of a chilled artichoke and crab meat salad on my plate (I was never one to wait for a star—you can spend your life doing that) and decided she'd have one too. While she was waiting for it she polished off the basket of bread and a bowl of jelly, which is now being served in studios in lieu of butter. When she had stripped her artichoke and found practically nothing, as is the way with artichokes, she ordered ice cream. "I'm still hungry," she said finishing the ice cream. "What can I have now?" Well, ice cream to a lunch or dinner is sort of like a period to a sentence. But that's what I like about Gene. Delightfully unconventional. She ordered a bowl, a great big bowl, of soup. I rather like the idea of following the dessert course with the soup course. I've never seen it done before, but I'm for it.

(Please turn to page 77)



Gene's husband, the former Count Oleg Cassini, became an American citizen and is now in Uncle Sam's service. They're the proud parents of a little daughter, Daria.

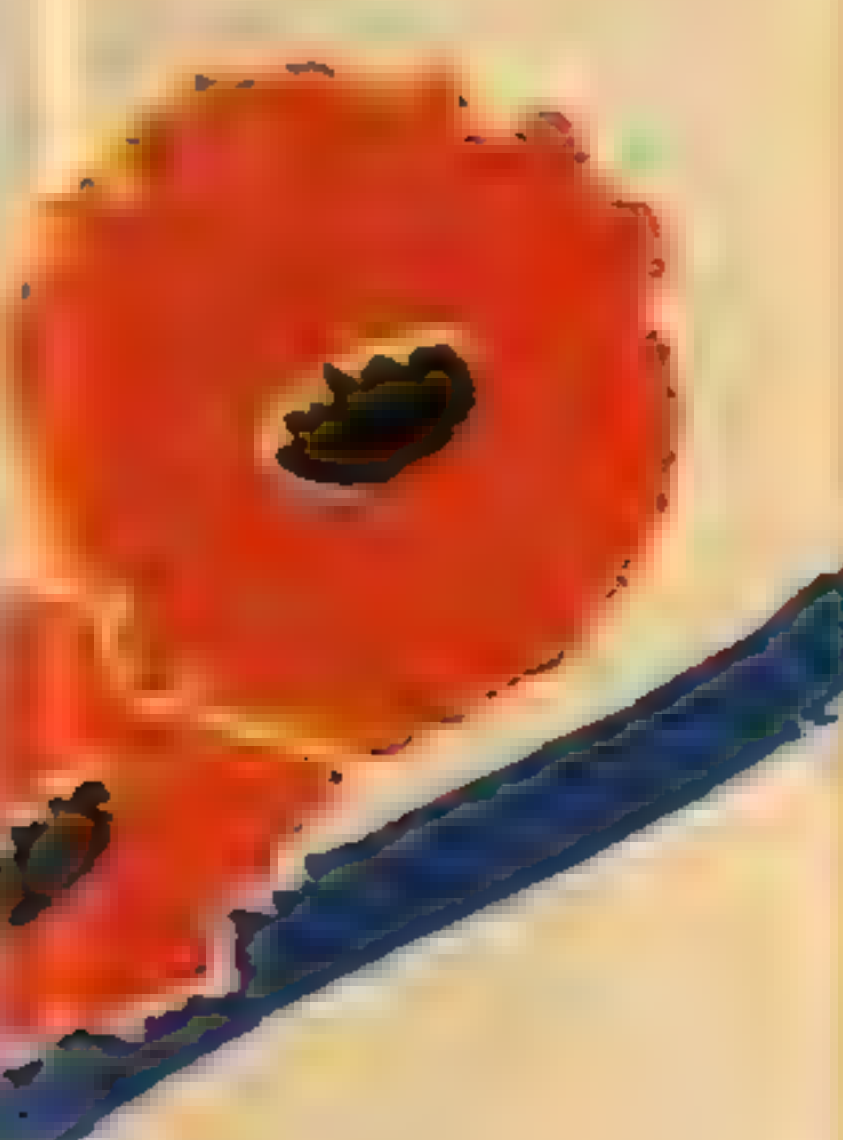


Two strong new rôles for Tierney: Above, with Jol Hodiak in "A Bell For Adano" and, left, in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox drama, "Dragonwyck." Child in scene with Gene is Connie Marshall. Since "Laura," Gene is Number One dramatic actress 20th, with a row of good parts awaiting her. She may even get coveted lead in "Forever Amber."

Her Troubles Too!



Studying to be a blonde so she can play the fascinating hellion of "Forever Amber"? Anyway, Gene Tierney provides a minor sensation in current rôle opposite John Hodiak, in 20th Century-Fox's film version of John Hersey's book and play.



Fathers

By

ADOPTION



Funny fellow at home, Chubby Costello with pretty wife and two daughters, Patricia Anne and Carole Lou. Top center, Abbott and Costello treat their own kids and others at the circus.



WHEN Mrs. Costello, Lou Costello's wife, went East recently, she cherished in her heart the dream of adopting two baby boys, a plan which she has since abandoned, for a reason.

There has been a vacant place in the hearts and in the home of Lou and Mrs. Costello ever since their baby son, Lou, Jr., died. Bud Abbott, Lou's closest friend and team-mate, adopted a son two and a half years ago, and the boy has become Bud's great pride and joy.

The Costello home was not childless, as Bud's had been. Patricia Anne, eight, and Carole Lou, six, two beautiful girls, romped all over the house and were constantly getting into joyous mischief. But Lou and Mrs. Costello remembered their baby son, and often in the midst of their happiness, they were stricken with an overwhelming grief.

It was Patricia who put her finger on what was wrong. She was too wise to approach her father directly, but she said

to Sven, the family butler, "What this house needs is some babies! Why don't you tell my dad?—but don't tell him I told you to tell him."

Mr. and Mrs. Costello themselves had the same idea as Patty did, and were getting a little impatient with the stork. Lou and his wife are both mad about children. Sometimes they'd look at the name plate with the name Lou, Jr., still hanging over the door leading to the nursery, and it was almost more than they could stand.

When Mrs. Costello went East, she did so planning to talk to Bill Stern, the sports announcer, who has two adopted children, about helping her locate children available for adoption. When she learned that adoption proceedings would take a very long time, she realized that by the time she could adopt a baby, the stork could very easily deposit a bundle in the Costello home. She talked to Lou on the phone, and they both de-

cided it might be better to be a little more patient with the stork.

But though Lou and his wife have given up their plans for adopting two youngsters, in a larger sense he has a plan which will make him a father by adoption to thousands of youngsters all over the United States. For Abbott and Costello have joined hands to fight one of the greatest evils that the war has brought on the country: the increase in juvenile delinquency.

Lou and Bud have always taken a tremendous interest in underprivileged kids. They felt that there were plenty of organizations throughout the country which did everything they could for children from middle-class families. But those weren't the youngsters who needed help most.

A youngster from a middle-class family can go to the Y in his neighborhood, and by the payment of a small fee, have a grand time in the swimming

First story of Abbott and Costello's plans for a Youth Foundation for underprivileged children, fine and serious program cooked up by Hollywood's top comedy team

**By
Dora Albert**

Latest hilarious Abbott and Costello film is "The Naughty Nineties," right, with the boys cutting new capers for Universal.



Bud Abbott with Mrs. Abbott and Bud, Jr., at the Abbott home, Hi Neighbor Ranch, in Encino, California. These and other exclusive photos are by staff photographer Jack Albin.



pool or participating in the various Y sports. But Lou and Bud felt that there were children from poor families who couldn't afford even the small fees which organizations of this type have to charge. And they wanted to help the boys from the very poorest families.

Bud and Lou have filed papers in Sacramento, California, for the Abbott and Costello Youth Foundation, a non-profit corporation. Lou Costello is president of the organization; Bud Abbott is secretary-treasurer, and the vice presidents are Presiding Judge Samuel R. Blake of the Los Angeles Superior Court and Presiding Judge William B. McKesson of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court.

The purpose of the Abbott and Costello Youth Foundation is to prevent juvenile delinquency. Bud Abbott told me, "We feel that there is nothing Lou and I could do that would help cure juvenile delinquency. By the time ju-

venile delinquents come under the eye of the police, it is often too late to help them. What was needed, we felt, was some method of prevention. Just as in the field of medicine an ounce of prevention today is considered better than a pound of cure, so we believe that in the field of juvenile delinquency, preventive medicine is more important than curative medicine.

"And how can juvenile delinquency be prevented? Lou and I put our heads together on this and tried to figure out the best possible method. We decided that what underprivileged youngsters need more than anything else is an opportunity to use their leisure time in a constructive way. That's why we hope to establish a chain of play centers throughout the country, in the poorest areas, the ones where juvenile delinquency is at its height.

"However, these play centers won't be limited to teen-aged youngsters. We

don't want to wait until kids are teen-aged to give them a chance to learn to play in cooperation with other youngsters. We want them to have their chance as soon as they are old enough to be left in a playground by their parents. Of course, they will have expert supervision, the finest athletic and social directors we can find."

The first play center will be built not far from the City Hall in Los Angeles. This is one of the worst areas for juvenile delinquency in all of Los Angeles, for near this neighborhood live some of Los Angeles' most underprivileged youngsters. The play center will contain all sorts of equipment for sports for both boys and girls, including swings, basketball equipment, softball diamonds, tennis courts, ping pong tables and the like. There will also be a clubhouse for indoor games and sports.

If this play center is a success, Bud
(Please turn to page 83)



Dance, Little "Dollies"

Based on the real-life career of two glamorous sisters who wowed the audiences of their day, "The Dolly Sisters" presents Betty Grable and June Haver in colorful title rôles



In 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor version of the life and times of the sisters known as Dolly, Joe Payne is in charge of the romantic male department, in first rôle since service discharge



New blonde June Haver shares honors with 20th's blonde queen of the lot in this gay and glamorous musical, lush and lavish in the celebrated Hollywood tradition of entertainment

COWBOY'S GIRL

Gary Cooper in "Along Came Jones"
sorta shines up to Loretta Young and
by cracky, she sorta loves that man!



On location for *Seneca's Daughter* in the desert.
Peck playing a gun-totin' hombre opposite
Jennifer Jones as a half-breed Indian girl.



Photos by
St. Hilaire

Here's the key to the
character of that man
Peck, with sidelights
that will surprise you

As told to Dora Albert

The Truth about Myself BY Gregory Peck

DON'T get me wrong! I like newspaper people. But sometimes the strangest dialogue has been ascribed to me in print. I suppose that's because many newspaper and magazine articles are written by women, and women naturally write in feminine language. But I wish they wouldn't put such remarks in quotes. I told one feminine interviewer that my wife and I have a very fine cook, Jessie, who also plays the piano well. I added that she often plays the piano when we have company at our home. This came out in print as, "We have a divine woman who makes our Wuthering Heights a place of joy and contentment." Certainly

I never referred to our home in Coldwater Canyon as Wuthering Heights. Nor did I refer to Jessie as "divine."

The screwiest experience I ever had with a writer was when a fellow from one of the press services said he had heard that I always have a raw egg in sherry for breakfast (which is true) and that he wanted to watch me eat it. I had to be at the studio at 7:30 a.m. that day, so I woke up at 6 and dashed out of the bathroom with shaving lotion on my face. He came at 6:15 and watched while I ate the raw egg. Then he waved goodbye, as I left for the studio.

The fact that I have a raw egg in

sherry for breakfast has been built up into an MGM production by writers. When I was working on "Keys Of The Kingdom," I had to get up early and rush to the studio. At first I ate no breakfast except for a cup of coffee, and sometimes not even that. I tried to think what I could eat in a hurry and hit upon the idea of the raw egg in sherry. Once when I was appearing in a play the business manager, an Englishman, ordered sherry for breakfast. I

(Please turn to page 66)



learned to ride like a real Southwesterner rugged rôle in "Duel In The Sun." Below, takes it easy after a hard session before cameras and, later, joshes with Jennifer.



new Film-Finish Powder

Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture
for that Hollywood "finish"



MARIA MONTEZ, star of Universal's Technicolor production, "SUDAN". Woodbury SUN PEACH is sun-kissed radiance for Maria's dark skin... summer-long magic for your sun-lighted skin.

The magnificent Montez...the One-Woman Dominican Invasion uses new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder as her glamour accent. It can help you look as she looks on the screen!

5-stage blending produces *nicest-ever shades, smoothest-ever texture!* Never clogs, cakes, turns pasty. Fluff on some tonight and start invading his heart! 8 star shades.

SUMMERTIME MATCHED MAKE-UP \$1. Matching lipstick and rouge at no extra cost with the big box of Woodbury Powder in your summer-success shade. All Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.



Woodbury *Film Finish* Powder

ANDREA KING has written another colorful page in Hollywood's fantastic history: she has won stardom in her fifth picture.

Perhaps you saw her in her film debut, "The Very Thought Of You," in which she played the restless, shrewish sister. Or maybe in "Hollywood Canteen." This was followed by "God Is My Co-Pilot" with her playing the young wife of Colonel Robert Lee Scott. Her big chance was in "Hotel Berlin," as the Nazi spy whom Helmut Dantine loved—and killed. It is in her next and fifth picture, "Shadow Of A Woman," that Andrea has been given

The queenly Miss King is really a nice, down-to-earth girl, democratic as all get-out, but she can't help looking dignified and stately sometimes.

star rating, sharing full honors with the dashing Mr. Dantine.

Andrea King! As she entered the Brown Derby, I thought how perfectly that name suits this new star. Both have a blending of dignity and charm. The diners at the Derby are accustomed to glamor yet eyes were focused on her as she walked down the long aisle to our table for a luncheon interview.

She's a beautiful girl. Clear-cut Grecian features, natural blonde hair worn

in a long bob, green-blue eyes, and a slim, round figure. Hardly was she seated before a slip of a girl about ten dashed to our table, stood looking at her intently, then exclaimed, "You're a movie star!" Andrea smiled. The girl hastily rejoined a group of teen-agers at a nearby table and we began speculating how soon they'd return with the autograph books. We didn't wait long for soon they came, five of them, swooping around us.

"It's amazing," said Andrea. "I venture to say they have not seen my pictures, nor do they know my name. In the theater we have no such encounters. Yet," she added with a laugh, "I well recall my own adoration for film stars. I was always mad about pictures and spent my allowance seeing the movies. No, I

(Please turn to page 80)



By
**Maude
Cheatham**



Queen of *Kings*

Quite in the regal manner, Andrea King has swept all before her and achieves stardom in her fifth picture



Warner Bros. Studios are co-starring Andrea King and Helmut Dantine in "Shadow Of A Woman." Remember them in "Hotel Berlin"?



No romantic interest, just congenial teammates, King and Dantine work well together. She is married to Lieut. (ig) Nat Willis.



SCHIAPARELLI interprets newest Cutex nail shades

Spirited colors—latest Cutex defiance for beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli wraps up their heady excitement in a sky-stretching turban to celebrate the return of Paris . . . We dare you to find a lovelier polish at any price!

CUTEX



By Liza

Exclusive home photos by
Jack Albin

How



Modern mistress of an ultra-modern home: Rita Hayworth Welles. Little five-months-old Rebecca Welles won't face the candid cameras until she's a bit older. Then watch out!



Hayworth Has Changed!

Don't let them tell you Rita is still the same sweet, shy girl—because she isn't! As Mrs. Orson Welles she has become a dynamic woman with a mind of her own, and this exclusive interview introduces you

RITA hasn't changed a bit since she's been in pictures." That's what Rita's many loyal friends say about her. And that is the traditional highest compliment you can pay a star in Hollywood. When you want to praise a star you don't say, "She's so kind and beautiful," or "She's so good to her poor old grandmother," or "She is as intelligent as she is lovely," or "She's a perfectly swell person." You say, "She hasn't changed a bit since she's been in pictures." (Inasmuch as most players who reach stardom, with its accompanying moola and hoola, change so swiftly it makes you dizzy—not to mention the fact that it makes *them* dizzy—you can readily see how the above expression came to be the highest of Hollywood compliments.)

When I said I was going to interview Rita Hayworth at least a dozen people piped up with that "Rita hasn't changed a bit since she's been in pictures." And when I said, "Oh, dear, that's too bad," I had to run for my life. Rita, it seems, has more friends than an old-time borough politician.

It has always been my contention that people change. It's just part of being a normal human being. And I was positive that Rita had changed in the years since I had seen her. And I was right. But before those hordes of devoted friends descend upon me with bared teeth and sharpened finger nails I hasten to add that as far as old friends are concerned she hasn't changed a bit. She still prefers the people who work with her, nice everyday people, to the front office big shots and Hollywood's so-called "Society."

When I first met Rita some six or seven years ago she was in the throes of an unhappy marriage, and like most girls

in the throes of an unhappy marriage her career became her life. She was a glutton for work. Columbia, where she was under contract, had only to intimate casually that they wanted Rita to do something extracurricular, and quick like a flash there she was knocking herself into a lather doing it. It wasn't bad for her, though. She grabbed off a lot of publicity, and she learned to act. Some day (though you can't exactly blame Columbia for exploiting her dancing ability) she's going to be given a chance to pitch a few dramatics on the screen, and she'll probably get an Oscar tossed in her lap. In those early days (Rita is now twenty-six, in case I give you the impression she is tottering to her wheel chair) Rita was a shy, quiet little thing—why, a mouse with an inferiority complex would have been bolder than Rita—who always took the most inconspicuous seat in the room and rarely opened her pretty trap the entire afternoon or evening. "Isn't it a pity," we used to say, "all that beauty, but no fire." Fire, me eye! Today she burns up the celluloid every time she gets on it.

Rita is now happily married to Orson Welles, as you undoubtedly know (she married him while she was making "Cover Girl") and is the mother of a five-months-old baby named Rebecca. And, I insist, she has changed considerably. Although she is still interested in her career it is no longer her foremost interest. It's sort of a sideline now. Home, she has discovered, with a husband and a baby is a much nicer place than a studio dressing room with a script and a cup of coffee. Harry Cohn, her boss, needn't start taking aspirin yet.

(Please turn to page 74)



A swimming pool like a lagoon, with an island in the center—that's the show spot of the Hayworth-Welles Brentwood home.



Smart setting for a smart girl—glass brick and chromium frame the Hayworth beauty. Wish we could give you a glimpse of the baby, but when a cameraman invaded her nursery little Rebecca started to howl and the upset household vowed "No more pictures!" Left, laughing lady lost in a good book. Let us in on it, Rita!



Shirley, Today!

America's favorite sub-deb
talks about her romance,
her plans for the future

Photos by
Ned Scott,
Columbia
Studios



Tip to teen-agers: Here are fashions



By Constance Palmer

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is grown up enough to be engaged! She's promised to marry Sergeant John George Agar, now of the United States Army Air Force and formerly of Lake Forest, Illinois. Jack is stationed now at March Field, California, as a physical trainer—"P.T." as Shirley expertly says—and is six feet two inches of handsome, twenty-four-year-old, hundred-and-sixty-pound young man.

All America and what part of the rest of the war-torn world that can give the event attention, feels a heart-warming interest in Shirley's betrothal. Why!—haven't we brought her up? Haven't we known and loved her since she flirted her perky skirts over her fat little dimpled knees at the age of four? Haven't we adored her curls and her smile and her funny little voice? We belong to her and she belongs to us and we have a right to know about her very best beau.

Jack Agar is a sincere, level-headed boy who went from prep-school and work in a Chicago laboratory into service in the Army in 1942. His widowed mother lives in Beverly Hills and his father, before his death, owned a Mid-west meat-packing concern which will provide a good position for the Sergeant if he wants to take it after the war.

As Mrs. Temple and I sat talking in the beautiful white drawing-room of their house in Brentwood Heights, I thought, "How nice—how real! Everything is so natural, so unpretentious—in such perfect good taste!" Shirley's portrait—as *Little Miss Marker* in brief, black velvet "best dress"—smiled down at us from the opposite wall, while Mrs. Temple told me how much they all liked Jack, what a fine boy he is, how happy they are about the engagement.

It was just like any devoted mother telling a friend something that pleased her very much—the happy culmination of a problem to which she must have given, surely, a great deal



of thought. And we were waiting those few minutes for—of all things—the idol of millions to come home from school!

Shirley came into the room with a soft rush. Her pretty face was aglow with happiness and a new grown-up dignity and sweet importance were added. "I'm so excited!" she cried "I hardly know where to begin—but, first, see my ring!"

It's a lovely thing, an emerald-cut, two-and-a-half carat diamond, simply and elegantly set in platinum.

"Jack gave it to me one evening when we were driving home from a movie." Shirley giggled. "Right on Sunset Boulevard between Engel's Drugstore and the Eastern Star Home! He just pulled it out of his pocket and said off-hand, 'Here's something for you.' I squealed, of course, and the car stalled in the midst of all that traffic—"

(Please turn to page 94)

Shirley and her G. I.: Sergeant John George Agar, Shirley's handsome fiance, is stationed with the Army Air Forces at March Field, Calif.



Have You A "Clothes Personality?"

By Irene

As Told To Gladys Hall



It's something you must have, if you want to be yourself and not three other women, says MGM's brilliant executive designer who creates the clothes for many of the famous stars

Noted designer Irene, left, in her studio workshop.

OVER the tea-cups with Irene (who is what you should mean when you say "chic") in the pale beige, dusty pink, crystal and silver suite which is her workshop at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we talked about stars and styles, women and war—and about "clothes personality" which, it seems, you must have if you want to be yourself and not three other people.

Of women and war, Irene said, "After the war, women will probably not be so active. They will go home,

and stay there. They'll spend more time in their boudoirs and drawing rooms and so, will wear long things again, I hope. For I have always liked long things in the house, love house-coats, tea gowns and dinner dresses, and have never approved of slacks. Which have been put, by the way and by the war, exactly where they belong—in the factories.

"Lana Turner," Irene laughed, "gave me a good idea of the way women will react to slacks and uniforms at war's end. Lana had been working in 'Keep Your Powder Dry' for three months and, most of the time, in uniforms. She was so deathly sick of them that when, one day, I showed her a sketch of a very good tailored coat I had in mind for her, she passed it by, with a shudder of

revulsion. And she was so right, so absolutely right.

"I don't mind," Irene said, "a certain type of dinner pajama. But only one woman in a thousand, or more, can wear slacks. Katharine Hepburn, for example. Katharine looks wonderful in slacks, just simply wonderful. Because she has a boy's clean lines and because she moves so beautifully.

"As for 'clothes personality,' so aware have I made my department of the clothes personalities of the stars I dress that all I have to do is say to my designers, 'We need a Hepburn dress' or 'We need a Turner dress' for them to know exactly what I mean and what I want."

A "clothes personality" is, according to Irene, quite as important as the voice,

One of the stars who benefits by Irene's clothes know-how is Kathryn Grayson, shown with the designer, below.

Irene consults Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., on designs for Ginger Rogers' gowns for "Weekend at the Waldorf."

Clothes talk. Esther Williams is pleased with Irene's latest creations for the next Williams movie, "Early To Wed."





gestures, walk, talk, laugh, moods and mannerisms that are the component parts of individuality.

"Katharine Hepburn," Irene explained, "doesn't resemble, or have the mannerisms of, say, Greer Garson. It wouldn't occur to Katharine to walk or talk like Greer, or anyone else. And vice versa. If either girl attempted to 'wear' the personality traits of another, it would be ridiculous. The same goes for clothes. For if you wear clothes that are not a part of your individuality, you are not yourself. You are someone else. You are a lost lady.

"It may seem completely unnecessary, clothes-conscious as we are, nowadays, to tell girls to dress according to type. But there are still some among us who look at a *Vogue*, a *Harper's Bazaar*, the fashion pages in the film magazines or at the clothes the girls wear on the screen and want something they see and have it copied, 'Because it looks wonderful on Marlene Dietrich.' What I am trying to stress is that what looks wonderful on Marlene would look a lot more weird than wonderful on June Allyson and—unless you are a carbon copy of Marlene—on you.

"Women who deserve the title 'Best Dressed' may differ in size, shape and temperament but not in the common denominator of remaining true to their type in the way they dress. Gertrude Lawrence, for example, invariably wears the same little suits she has worn for years, and the same little caps on her head. Mrs. Harrison Williams, of New York, famed the world over, and justly, for her chic, also sticks to her last. The Duchess of Windsor, ditto. And the

majority of film stars also make their clothes as much a part of themselves as their eyes, skin and hair. That is why I can say to my designers, 'We need a Hepburn dress' and be sure I will get it.

"The first time I ever dressed Miss Hepburn," Irene said, "was for her latest film, 'Without Love,' in which she is co-starred with Spencer Tracy. I found I

(Please turn to page 88)



Designer Irene had a field day with "Weekend at the Waldorf." Here are original sketches of the clothes for the all-star Technicolor picture. Above, Irene's version of a business girl's suit for Lana Turner's rôle. Left, lipstick red housecoat for Ginger Rogers. A riding habit and lounging pajamas for Miss Rogers, and smart daytime creations for Miss Turner, complete the collection. 35



Proud moment: Col. Cox, Commanding Officer, R. D. Marine Corps Base, San Diego, pins honor man medal on Sgt. Glenn Ford. Glenn has since had a medical discharge and is now appearing opposite Bette Davis (right, above) in her first personally produced film drama, "A Stolen Life."



FIRST, may I say "Welcome Back"? Your friends and family have missed you in Hollywood. Your fans have missed you all over the world. I know you're happy to be home. (What service man wouldn't be?) I also know you wouldn't take anything in the world for those two years—two eventful years as a United States Marine. Those last four months in the hospital were a little hard to take. Your medical discharge was quite a blow to your pride. You did your job. The records are all there. You did it well.

Now you have recovered—at least recovered enough to play opposite Bette Davis in her first personally produced picture, "A Stolen Life." It's your first movie job as civilian Glenn Ford. It comes as a reward, a reward you have waited for. And worked for. A reward you have earned. It's kind and considerate of you to give me full credit. You've given me most of the credit, all along the way. Maybe I've helped a little. But let's face the facts. Without your personal integrity, your ambitions and your dreams, there is precious little I, Lady Luck, could do.

I remember the day you went in—December 13, 1942, to be exact. You enlisted, but you asked permission to finish your rôle in "Destroyer" before you reported for duty. You played a bosun's mate in the navy opposite Edward G. Robinson. Humorously you turned to Eddie and said, "I hope they never run this picture at the Marine Base where I'm going." (Little did you know!) It wasn't easy to say goodbye—giving up your place on the screen just as your career was beginning to roll. And then there was Eleanor, the girl you loved. The girl you were going to marry.

How many times you thought of her that first Christmas eve in boot camp! *Christmas eve in a boot camp!* What irony, you thought to yourself as you waited in a long line leading to the telephone booth. Seemed like you'd never get to say Merry Christmas to Eleanor. A lot of thoughts go through a man's

Proud husband and father: Glenn, far right, with his wife, the former Eleanor Powell, and their pride and joy, Peter Newton Ford (age two months), when first picture was taken. Mrs. Ford has retired from screen for keeps, she says.

head when he's just—waiting.

There was that time back in 1935. You were in New York stage-managing an unsuccessful play. Trying to get your start. Someone said to you, "Don't miss that dancer at Radio City Music Hall. Name's Eleanor Powell. The girl is great." You caught the final show. You caught the spirit, the freshness, the alive way in which Eleanor danced. Later on that same evening you saw her in the Rainbow Room. She was seated several tables away. Somehow you felt like you were sitting over there too. The orchestra was playing, "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plans." You remembered Eleanor danced to it earlier

at the Music Hall. You kept watching her. You found yourself trying to hum the tune.

Then you made a picture called "Flight Lieutenant." Pat O'Brien was the star. Typical of Pat, he was kind to you. He was interested in you. Event-
(Please turn to page 91)



Lady Luck to *Glenn Ford*

d rea-
s why
une has
led on
n Ford.
ates it

By
y Asher



Yoo-Hoo! Rhapsody In Blue



Pardon our pun, but how could we help ourselves, looking at Joan Leslie? Heroine of Warners' big new musical, "Rhapsody in Blue," poses for us as the spirit of fun in the sun. (Swimplay Suit by Lee.)



YOU leaned across your agent's desk, you told me, and said, in menacing tones, "Get me a villain's part. I can be just as tough, just as much of a cut-throat, just as despicable as anybody in Hollywood, how about it?"

"My agent," you added, with a hollow laugh, "slunk out, cringing. When he came back, the whites of his eyes still



Latest rôle for the fine actor who scored in "Wilson": Alexander Knox with Irene Dunne in Columbia's "Over Twenty-One."

showing, he presented me with the part of a small villain in 'The Commandos Strike At Dawn.' Some months later, after I had returned from playing in 'The Three Sisters,' in New York, my agent justified my faith in him by getting me the rôle of the brutal gauleiter in 'None Shall Escape.' A Nazi to end all Nazis, the fellow went about laying waste the minorities, teen-age girls and all who came under his iron heel. That was more like it. That was my meat."

You are, you told me, a minister's son. Your father, a very active and important member of the Presbyterian clergy in Canada, planned a career in the cloth for you. From which, having other ideas, you managed to escape until, on the stage, your heritage caught up with you when you were typed in a series of venerable clergymen rôles, including the

part of *Friar Lawrence* in the Laurence Olivier-Vivien Leigh presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." Reviewing the play, *New York Times* critic Brooks Atkinson wrote, "The mainstays of the play are those three old veterans, Halliwell Hobbes, Dame May Whitty and Alexander Knox."

"I knew then," you said, "that I must do something drastic, not only about shedding the cloth but, more importantly, about regaining my youth! Hollywood, it seemed to me, would be rejuvenating. Arrived in Hollywood, I appeared in 'The Sea Wolf,' then stepped into a ministerial assignment in 'This Above All.' Within two weeks after the release of the picture, I was offered five rôles—all clergymen. It was then I warned my agent, 'Get me a villain' (Please turn to page 96)

MEMO to Alex Knox

From Gladys Hall

Cause for celebration: Alex entertains wedding party when Doris Nolan, at left below, became his bride. Barry Fitzgerald and Edith Atwater join in.





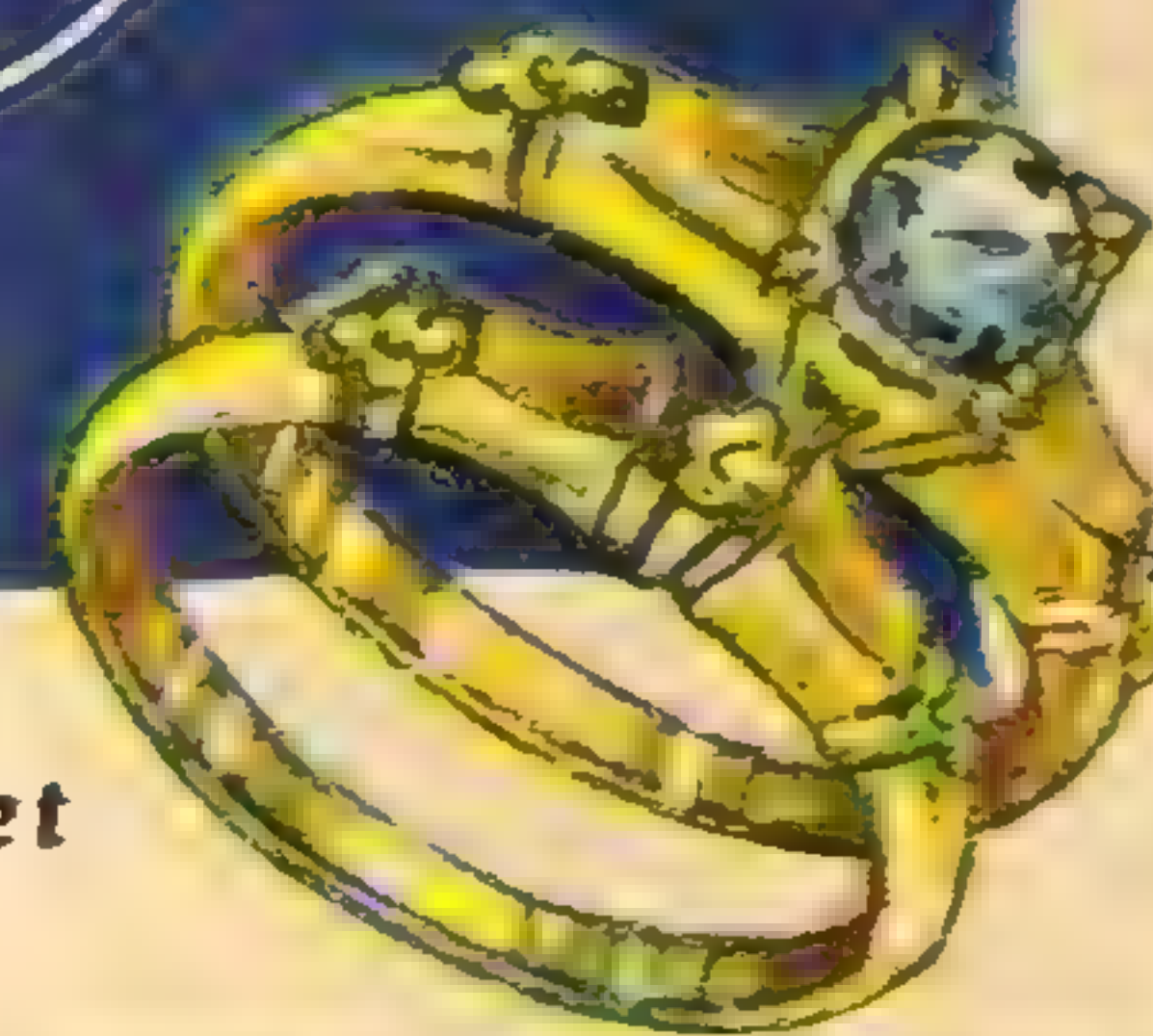
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Cine Gabby a Hand!

About time we saluted that grand character, George "Gabby" Hayes, mainstay of many a Roy Rogers picture, now a radio favorite



Familiar, and beloved, figure in Republic's Westerns, "Gabby" is shown at left in typical scene with Roy Rogers, this time from "Bells Of Rosarita." "Gabby" is also appearing on the Andrews Sisters' lively air show. Top shows him with Bing Crosby when The Groaner dropped in for a visit to "Eight To The Bar Ranch."

It's
Gala-Gala
with
Girls,
Gaiety
and that
Goldwyn
Glamour!



Samuel Goldwyn
presents
Danny Kaye
in
**"WONDER
MAN"**

In Technicolor
with
VIRGINIA MAYO
VERA-ELLEN
DONALD WOODS
S.Z. SAKALL

Allen Jenkins · Edward Brophy
Otto Kruger · Steve Cochran
Virginia Gilmore and

THE GOLDWYN GIRLS

Directed by Bruce Humberstone

Screen Play by Don Hartman · Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp

Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.



Young Man

Going Places



Ex-introvert Bill Eythe, last person in the world his family and friends could imagine as an actor, has turned into a very good one. Here's how



In "Colonel Effingham's Raid," William Eythe is co-starred with Joan Bennett, above, for 20th Century-Fox. Left, Bill and Shillelah, his Irish setter, in studio dressing room.

and only managed to make the visitors feel as uncomfortable as he felt himself. The idea of being an actor was already fully implanted in his very impressionable young mind. For in his agony he remembered how cool and collected people always were in the movies, and he was determined that some day he was going to be just as cool and collected himself, even if he had to go in the movies to accomplish it. Besides, it would be a wonderful way to outshine his brother Howard.

Howard, better known as Dutch, was ten years older and could do anything. Not only was he a star athlete but he was the town's prize scholar as well. When he went on to college he not only made the All-American football team but Phi Beta Kappa as well. Everybody was always holding Dutch up as an example to his kid brother and high school was a misery because of it. When it was Bill's turn to go to Carnegie Tech he registered under an assumed name so Dutch wouldn't be crammed down his throat during his college days too.

"It's hard to realize I ever felt that way about Dutch," Bill says today. "We (Please turn to page 62)

By Elizabeth B. Petersen

NO ONE would ever guess it, but William Eythe used to be an introvert. He was so scared of people that it was years before any grown-ups outside of his own immediate family realized that the youngest Eythe boy didn't have a speech impediment after all. It came as quite a shock to the neighbors in Mars, Pennsylvania, to discover that Bill could speak up as

well as anybody. Almost as much of a shock as when they heard he was studying drama at Carnegie Tech. Bill, they decided, was just about the last person in the world who should think of being an actor.

Bill, however, was the first one who had thought of it. Yes, back in those days when he squirmed in self-conscious-torment every time he was hauled down from his room to be-a-good-boy-and-say-hello-to-our-visitors

"The Bells of St. Mary's"



Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby are co-starring in a new motion picture which may well turn out to be as great a hit as "Going My Way," since it is also written and directed by Leo McCarey, 1944's Academy Award Winner along with Bergman and Bing



If you loved "Going My Way", you'll be interested in seeing these first scenes of Bergman, playing a nun, and Bing, again portraying a parish priest, in "The Bells Of St. Mary's." Director. McCarey asks us not to divulge the plot, but scene below shows sad leave-taking from their old church.

Exclusive by Jack A. made on the Lec "Bells Of St. set at RKO S





ight, registers joy at new
 ng and his singing kids are
 o much noise so Ingrid (oval
 comes in to quiet them. Top
 gman took up a collection
 rs to the set and turned it
 ather Devlin, technical ad-
 he picture, for his church.

One Ladd Family



**At home, movie menace
Alan Ladd is just a proud pop**

"Laddie" is a fascinating fellow in those lusty action melodramas, but he's a far nicer guy when he's at home with Sue Carol Ladd and his adored Alana. After finishing "The Blue Dahlia" Ladd was glad to relax with his charming family before reporting for work in a new picture at Paramount Studio.



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Side-splitting laughs...ear-tingling music...
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Phillip Terry • Martha Holliday • Bettejane Greer • Fritz Feld
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HIS DRUMS AND HIS BAND HIT PARADE SWING ORGANIST

Joan Davis
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air beginning
Monday, Sept. 3rd,
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E. W. T., CBS

TUNES
you'll whistle
GIRLS
you'll whistle AT

Produced by GEORGE WHITE • Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
Screen Play by
Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder, Parke Levy and Howard Green



DRESSED TO

Eleanor Parker steps right out "Of Human Bondage" and into these charming new clothes. P.S.: Watch for her performance in the rôle originally played by Bette Davis—she's a sensation!



Here are clothes charmers—and posed by Parker they are extra-special. Left, luscious pink and black jersey draped into a peg-top skirt and soft top, worn with navy blue jersey gloves and large navy blue milan. Above, bolero jacket suit of Eleanor's favorite navy.

THRILL



*Exclusive photos by Bert Six,
Warner Bros. Studios*



All set for summer playtime hours, Eleanor wears a play dress of brilliant yellow, black and white, with bare midriff top and gored skirt. This outfit has matching shorts of black and a knee-length beach coat of black with front panel and yoke of the same print fabric.

That basic black frock which may be dressed up or down is a Parker pet. This drop-shoulder dress has a peplum which ties in the back to give a bustle effect. Eleanor tops off the dress with a black headdress massed with white violets, long black gloves, and pearls.

The Fan Letter That

Yes, fan letters do mean something to an actor! Read the letter that encouraged Dane Clark to keep punching, and his reply

415 Church Street
Iowa City, Iowa

DEAR DANE:

AN ACTOR makes good in one picture—then another. He receives unending praise from fans and friends, and assurance that he is heading for the top and will someday be among the great stars of Hollywood. He likes the bouquets and becomes more and more determined to succeed. But even bouquets can become monotonous after the novelty has worn off, and the actor gets tired of hearing the same lines, even though they are praise.

So Dane, we'll forget the bouquets this time—you can just take it for granted that I am a member of that mighty chorus singing your praises. But the point I really want to get across to you is something totally different. I want to thank you for something personal which you have done for me alone, however unknowingly and unintentionally.

You see, Dane, when I was thirteen I was gay and care-free like most girls of that age, and, of course, movie-struck. I idolized my favorite stars, sat through movies often from the time the theater opened in the afternoon to the time it closed for the night, bought movie magazines by the dozens, and pestered every theater manager in town for press books and publicity stills from the different pictures. And you can imagine the fan letters I wrote!

Well, Dane, I haven't written a fan letter for over five years, because I grew out of that stage—I grew up. But growing up was a trying period for the nervous, over-sensitive child that I was. I was confused and terrified by the new responsibilities which confronted me at every turn. I hated the increasingly important decisions I had to make every day. I longed to turn back the pages of my life and live forever as a gay and carefree thirteen-year-old.

But I couldn't hold back Time, and I grew up—graduated from high school and started to college. Oh yes, I was ambitious—I was going to get a good education and make a name for myself in this world. But I was scared, afraid of the constant struggle it took to finance my education, afraid I would lose my job, afraid I couldn't make the grade in my studies. My unhealthy mental attitude went from bad to worse and soon I was even afraid of my teachers and classmates. It was this neurotic state of mind which caused me to lose all my fiery ambitions. I became tired of the constant struggle and gave up—quit university, gave up my social life, and withdrew almost completely. (Please turn to page 72)



Clark caught the public's eye with "Destination Tokyo." He starred in "This Love Of Ours" and "My Co-Pilot." These are photos show him in his Hillside home. Warners solo-star him soon. Sorry, he's happily married, so n

Helped Dane Clark

Warner Bros. Studio
Burbank, California

DEAR DOROTHY:

IT WAS very kind of you to give me permission to answer your letter through the far-reaching medium of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE. You see, Dorothy, I want to share your letter because it played an important part in helping me to find the right perspective on myself. A badly needed perspective, I might add. Like you in your world, I grew up afraid and confused. When I found myself confronted with strange and new responsibilities in Hollywood, I too wished I could turn back the pages and be a child again.

There must be others like you and me. Many others, whose worlds may be far apart, yet whose problems are basically the same. Perhaps, if they read how we helped each other, they will no longer be afraid. Oftentimes there is comfort and strength in the knowledge that we who are seeking are not alone in our search. If the character I portrayed in "Destination Tokyo" changed your attitude, made you laugh good-humoredly at yourself, your letter did just that and more for me. Here is how it came about:

Back in New York I was a struggling young actor named Bernard Zanville. My right name. Originally I had planned on being a lawyer. I completed my studies, was about to hang out my shingle, when I got into a discussion with a group of friends. Acting was the subject. It was my belief that anyone could be an actor. (Little did I know!) Being the type who speaks his mind (sometimes too freely!) I said what I thought. I was then challenged to BE an actor and the struggle began.

I had to make good. First, because my pride wouldn't allow me to admit defeat. Second, because I was ambitious and needed the money. Eventually I did fairly well for myself. I had the usual ups and downs. Lots of hope, lots of disappointment. My best notices came from parts that had already been established on Broadway. I never had the good fortune to open cold in a smash hit, (Please turn to page 71)



Garfield and Dane Clark, who played the lead rôles in "This Of Ours," have lunch together in the Green Room at Warner Bros. Studio. Far right, Dane Clark starts with black coffee, warms up with a glass of milk, and Dick Tracy—in that order. He's an average American.



Here's Hollywood

By-Weston East

AT LONG last Bette Davis gets her way. She's finally talked her bosses into allowing her to go overseas. Bette and a company of actors will put on the play, "Holiday." It's only our guess, but we have a good reason for guessing, that Bette's route will take her in the general direction of Cpl. Louis Riley.

WITH good nurses at a premium, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder consider themselves very fortunate. How they managed to find one is a very interesting story. Hedy, looking through John's fan mail one day, was attracted to the unusual handwriting on the envelope. It turned out to be from a Canadian nurse. She asked if she could come to Hollywood and care for their new baby (when it arrived). She gave character references and enclosed her photograph. Hedy and John investigated thoroughly. They learned the nurse had graduated from the best hospital with the highest honors. Her recommendations were flawless. So now she is on her way to Hollywood. She couldn't be more pleased. Neither could the proud new parents of a fine baby girl.

The Blondell sisters, Gloria, left, and Joan, right, share the attentions of Gloria's Ensign hubby at a popular nightspot.

Top left, one for the Reagan and Wyman fans: Ronald and Jane Reagan make it a date at Ciro's, with Mrs. David Werblin kibitzing.

The Harry Jameses, above, share a table with the Sunny Werblins. Betty makes a dazzling picture in her brightly striped blouse.

THE NEW Hollywood home of Gen. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt (Faye Emerson) is going to be reminiscent of the White House. When Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt moved back to Hyde Park, she sent some of the family furniture and furnishings to Elliott and Faye. It's all being incorporated by Helen Conway, the brilliant young decorator in charge. There's one spare bedroom that won't be touched. It could easily be converted into a nursery — if there ever should be that need. Like all post-war couples, the Elliott Roosevelts believe in looking ahead!

HATS OFF to Frank Sinatra. He's seriously interested in doing something about the juvenile delinquency problem that is sweeping the country. This time it isn't for Frankie. And it isn't for publicity. Even to the extent of making enemies among certain insistent contacts, he refuses to discuss his plans or give out interviews. For the few enemies he makes, Frank will gain thousands of new friends.

"DON JUAN" has been shelved. Just why, no one seems to know. So the story goes, because of the strike no sets could be built for Errol Flynn's next super-duper. However, at a recent party,

Errol himself regaled the guests with some of the lines he was supposed to say. They so paralleled recent moments from page news on Errol, audiences may be subject to slight cases of hysterics. For example, *Don Juan*, weary of women, says a line that read, "There must be something else!" Can't you just hear an audience talking back to that one?

RECENTLY a famous personage all know returned from overseas. While there, considerable time was spent with our own Jimmy Stewart, no James Stewart, who was recently decorated with the Croix de Guerre with distinction. According to our informant, who remains anonymous, Col. Jimmy, who is also named commander of an Eighth Air Force Liberator bomber wing, has no intention of returning to Hollywood. The war is entirely won. Just why the decision, we wouldn't be knowing. Because he has a new perspective. There is much more important work to be just a movie star? His going certainly be our loss, if so.

Left to right below, Victor Mature, Cobb, Harold Dickey, Jr., and Dolores make a happy foursome at the





Above, Jane Withers with Eric Sinclair. Below, Busi Arnaz, Lucille Ball, and Mr. Shiller of Ciro's.



Below, Jack Oakie dancing with Lena Morgan, daughter of late, famous Helen Morgan.



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying
sweet and dainty if you use

F r e s h
.....

the cream deodorant that stops
perspiration worries completely.
It's gentle, stays creamy and
smooth. Doesn't dry out...
usable right to the bottom of
the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢





Joan Fontaine, dramatic picture in black, caught in the midst of animated conversation, with Dewey Smith.



June Allyson and Dick Powell join the Dennis O'Keefes (Steffi Duna) for dinner.

WATCH for that drunk scene in "The Clock." It takes place at a lunch counter. Keenan Wynn is terrific, but there's a blousy lady with him who has excited every critic in the country. She hasn't a single line of dialogue. Her name isn't even in the cast. But it won't be long now! Her magnificent pantomiming brought forth so many letters of inquiry that MGM knew they had something. The lady in question is none other than Moyna Magill, who just happens to be the mother of Angela Lansbury—one of the up-and-coming MGM stars. Every studio in town is trying to get Mrs. L. on a long-term deal, but MGM says, "Hands off!"

IT'S all being kept very hush-hush but the fact still remains, June Allyson walked off the set and went home. So

Robert Walker walked off the set and went home, too. Just what caused the little fracas is a deep family secret. Some say it was temperament on Junie's part. Some say it wasn't. Overnight it was all straightened out. Bright and early the next morning June and Bob were back together and cooing like turtle doves. The name of the picture—and wouldn't you know it—is "For Better Or For Worse."

IT'S A good thing that Lieut. Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a strong strapping chest. For his part in European landing operations, Hollywood's Doug has been given a citation by the French government. He was merely presented with the Legion D'Honneur, degree of Chevalier, the Croix de Guerre with palm. Though he has been quite sick in the hospital, Doug writes his good friend Robert Montgomery that he has never been happier. Aside from his thrilling war experiences, he is expecting a second addition to the family. Yes, he hopes it will be Douglas Fairbanks, the third.

NO ONE would ever accuse Helmut Dantine of being a "wolf" if they had seen him in Producer Mark Hellinger's party at the Mocambo. Helmut has been working in two pictures at the same time. He was so tired that long before the evening was over, he just quietly closed his eyes and took a nap! Ida Lupino was with him, too.

Ann Dvorak's new blonde tresses are a nice contrast to Arturo De Cordova's tall, dark and handsomeness.

FOR twenty-two months Lieut. Nat Willis was overseas. Recently he returned to find his wife, Andrea King, blonde and a movie star. Nat had only seen her play a small part in "Roughly Speaking." She was then her natural brunette self. Andrea brought him to the studio and ran off "God is My Co-Pilot," "The Very Thought Of You," and "Hotel Berlin." Nat was very much impressed with everything but her blonde tresses. P.S. Her hair is dark again.

WHEN the circus came to town recently, the appearance of Clara Gable with Anita Colby actually stopped the show. "The Face" and "The Ears" are certainly causing speculation in Hollywood. Every single gal has been trying to land a date with the one and only Gable. La Colby seems to have the monopoly—at least at this writing.

SOME fun when Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt (Faye Emerson), Lana Turner, and Norma Shearer all went to the same party wearing the same hat. It was a sort of floral zulu model. Just one such number in a room would have been conspicuous. But three! Their milliner had better start heading for the open spaces.

GLENN FORD is a great admirer of Walter Brennan, both as an actor and a friend. But he'll never forgive him for his wedding anniversary present. Glenn just happened to say how hard it was to get enough cream for the baby's milk. Walter, who has a farm out in the San Fernando valley, rushed right home and sent a cow over to Glenn in Beverly Hills. Being that he still lives in a small apartment, you can imagine Glenn's consternation. He's now paying room and board for the bossy. But he's got cream—quarts of it.





Friends believe there will be wedding bells ringing for June and Dick very soon.



Diana Lynn finds conversation interesting with be-ribboned Major Robert Livingston.

SONNY TUFTS returned from a fishing trip in Baja, Mexico, only to find his dressing room walls hung with stuffed fish. Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken took awful guilty when they meet up with Sonny. So far he can't prove a thing.

PETER LORRE couldn't believe his ears when they told him he was to play his first romantic rôle in "Three Strangers." Joan Lorring, who scored such a hit as the little Cockney adventuress in "The Corn Green," is the young lady destined to receive Peter's romantic attentions. Joan, who had never met Peter, wondered if it'd be anything like those weird rôles he usually plays. She soon found out. The first day they met on the set, Peter looked her with those great eyes and plainly said, "If they'd only file your teeth a point — you'd make *such* a lovely bride!"

AT LONG last Cornel Wilde is getting the deserved breaks. But he hasn't forgotten that originally he and his wife started out together. Cornel feels that her talent should be given a chance. Recently he arranged tests for her at both Columbia and 20th Century studios. She'll use her own name, Patricia Knight. She's a tall, flowy blonde and quite attractive. Yes, Cornel made the tests with her.

WHEN ROBERT CUMMINGS married Mary Elliott, his brother gave them a party. Practically everyone in town was invited. Among the guests were Joan Leslie and Charles Russell. No one introduced them but a cameraman asked them if they would pose for a picture together. "You work at 20th," said Joan to Charles. "Yes, and you work at Warners," said Charles to Joan. That was the extent of their conversation. The next day a

columnist printed they were the *hottest* romance in town!

IT'S A gag, of course, but Cole Porter, famous composer, wears a dinner jacket covered with black sequins. Cole is back in Hollywood to collaborate on "Night and Day," the story based on his life. His home and his hospitality attract the elite of Hollywood. The dinner jacket is to amuse his guests. And *that* Cole accomplishes beautifully.

A LITTLE group dropped in on Ida Lupino the other evening and found her getting her nails manicured. No, not her finger nails—her toe nails! In the spirit of mad, mad adventure, the drop-per-inners thought it would be great sport to have their toe nails done too. So they all sat around in a circle and took turns. Weston East can't reveal names. We wish we could—especially those two big he-man stars. But it wouldn't be fair to Ida. And after all, they were only kidding.

SHADES of early-day Hollywood! That new home purchased by Loretta Young and Col. Tom Lewis was formerly owned by Constance Bennett. It was built during those lush days when movie stars lived like movie stars. There are twenty-seven rooms, which include a card room, playroom, bar and massage room. They'll mostly be converted into bedrooms, however, Loretta and

Tom, who are expecting their second offspring, intend to keep right on increasing the population.

OUT MGM way they are very excited about Ann Sothorn, and high time too. Motherhood has added to Ann's beauty and warmth. Now down to 105 pounds, Ann has never looked better. Her new contract calls for one "Maisie" a year. Her other pictures are to be carefully chosen and worthy of Ann's talents. If they'll just stop and recall the Sothorn version of "The Last Time I Saw Paris," they can take it from there.

PAULETTE GODDARD is blonde again, and for a very good reason. She's practically rehearsing "Forever Amber"—the picture they say she wants so desperately to get.



Mrs. Jackie Cooper makes amiable chit-chat with Frank Cashin at one of Hollywood's gay nightspots.

SCREENLAND SALUTES

"Thrill of a Romance"

Gay, romantic musical co-stars Van Johnson and Esther Williams



Swim star Esther Williams and cutie femme heart-stirrer Van Johnson make an attractive team in MGM's new Technicolor comedy. Van plays a South Pacific hero convalescing at smart resort where he meets the gorgeous Esther.



Tommy Dorsey, his bone and his orchestra provide the musical background for the son - Williams romance.



Infantry Officer from Kansas
will wed Arkansas Girl

Engagement of
BETTY JANE CANNON

to
H. W. SMITH, Jr.
has been announced
by her parents

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!



HER RING—a large and two small diamonds



● Betty Jane Cannon's beauty wings its way straight to your heart—as it did to the heart of her officer fiancé, now overseas.

Her complexion is porcelain-like in its smoothness, with a dewy, young-soft look—the look *so many* Pond's engaged girls seem to have!

"It's not just luck my skin is nice," Betty Jane says. "I don't give much time to it—but I do give it regular creamings with Pond's Cold Cream."

This is how she uses Pond's:

She smooths plenty of Pond's Cold Cream all over her face—throat, too—patting quite briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with *more* Pond's—swirling her cream-tipped fingers all around her face. Tissues again. "It feels so good and it does such an *extra-special* cleansing, softening job," she says.

Use *your* Pond's Cold Cream this two-time way—every night, every morning, and for in-between clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* luxury jar today!

"POND'S IS MY CREAM," Betty Jane Cannon says. She has one of the prettiest complexions you've ever seen!

(at right) **SIGNING UP NURSES—**
Betty Jane helps at a Nurse Recruiting Information Center. There's a nursing job for every woman these days—Registered Nurses, Hospital Technicians, Cadet Nurses, Nurse's Aides, Home Nursing. Stop at the Nurse Recruiting Center where you live—and sign up!



A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Alister McCormick · Princess Xenia · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel · The Lady Morris

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

New Items for Midsummer Grooming and Prettying-up



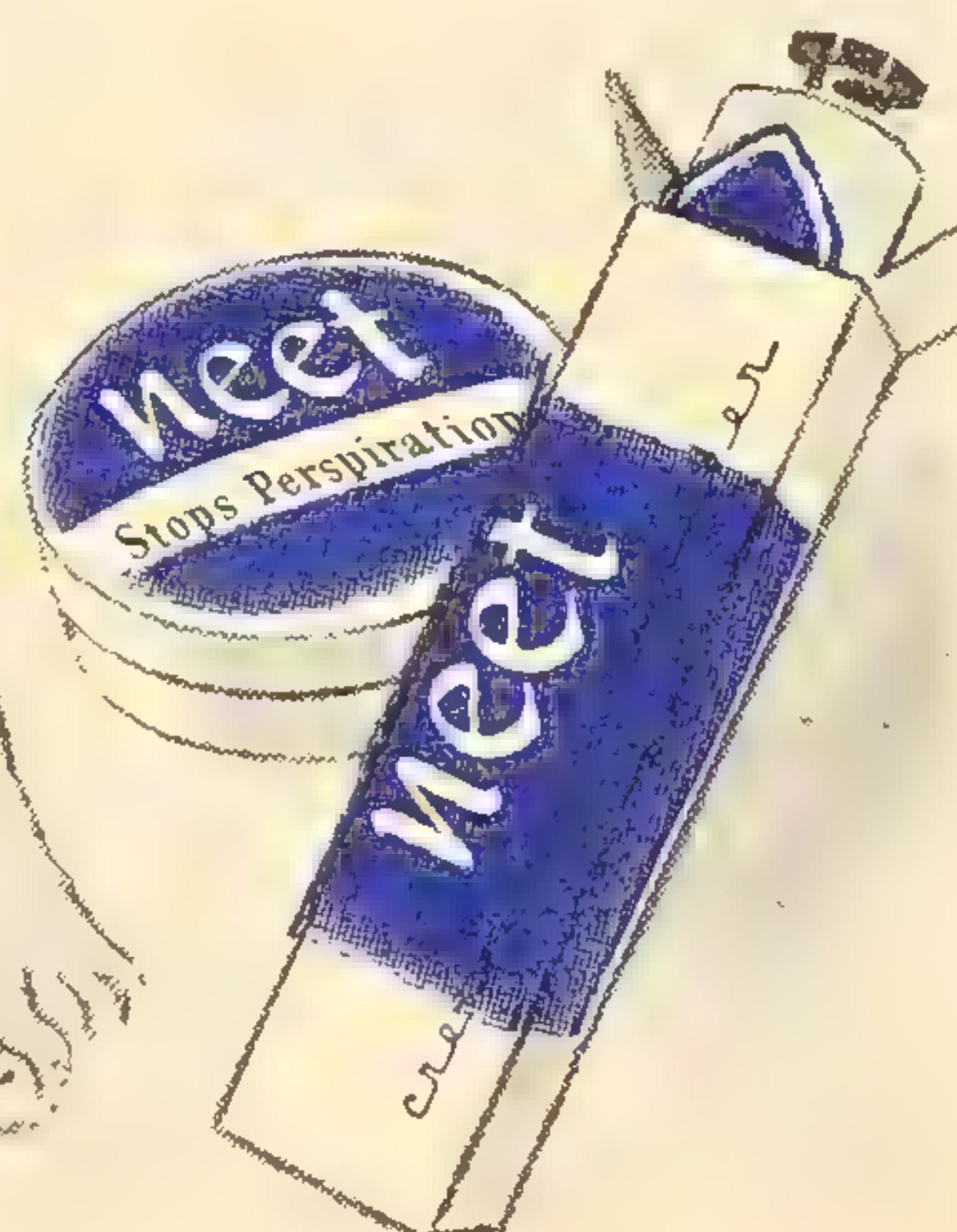
Double Exposure

Legs are bared by fashion...the underarm by every gesture... and so you need double protection—NEET Cream Depilatory that removes hair, and NEET Cream Deodorant that halts perspiration, for the assurance that comes of being well-groomed.

BETTER GET
NEET TODAY

neet

at cosmetic counters
in stores everywhere



THE "pretty-pretty" look that seems to be so natural with your favorite movie star is not as unattainable as you might think. Every actress takes advantage of successful beauty helps that are developed to combat "fatigue wilt." Because these items are available to everyone, we thought you might like to hear about some of the newest aids to mid-summer and year-around loveliness.

Let's begin with a list of do's, and at the very beginning—that tepid bath. Not too hot, nor too cold, but just body temperature. When you have attained that cool, relaxed feeling, step out and pat yourself dry. Now for the real treat of the day. Slip onto your hand, either left or right, one of the new refillable bath powder mitts created by Le Sonier. These refillable mitts have a terry-cloth palm, and as you pat yourself gently, the powder sifts through and assures an all-over smoothness. The backs of the mitts are in a rich brocade of white, blue or sunshine yellow, or in crisp printed taffeta. Each mitt comes with a four-ounce package of delightfully scented powder which lasts you long enough for the mitt to become a habit—a pleasant and inexpensive habit! Incidentally, you can also get a matching soap mitt in the same fragrance, which produces a rich creamy lather. It's quite easy to use, too. The soap is in the mitt, and all you do is wet the mitt and scrub.

Miner's is offering two new summery shades of leg make-up in the usual three popular sizes. The shades are Light Beige and Copper Beige, good for gay summer clothes. And it stays on through rain and shine—no rubbing off on clothes and upholstery.

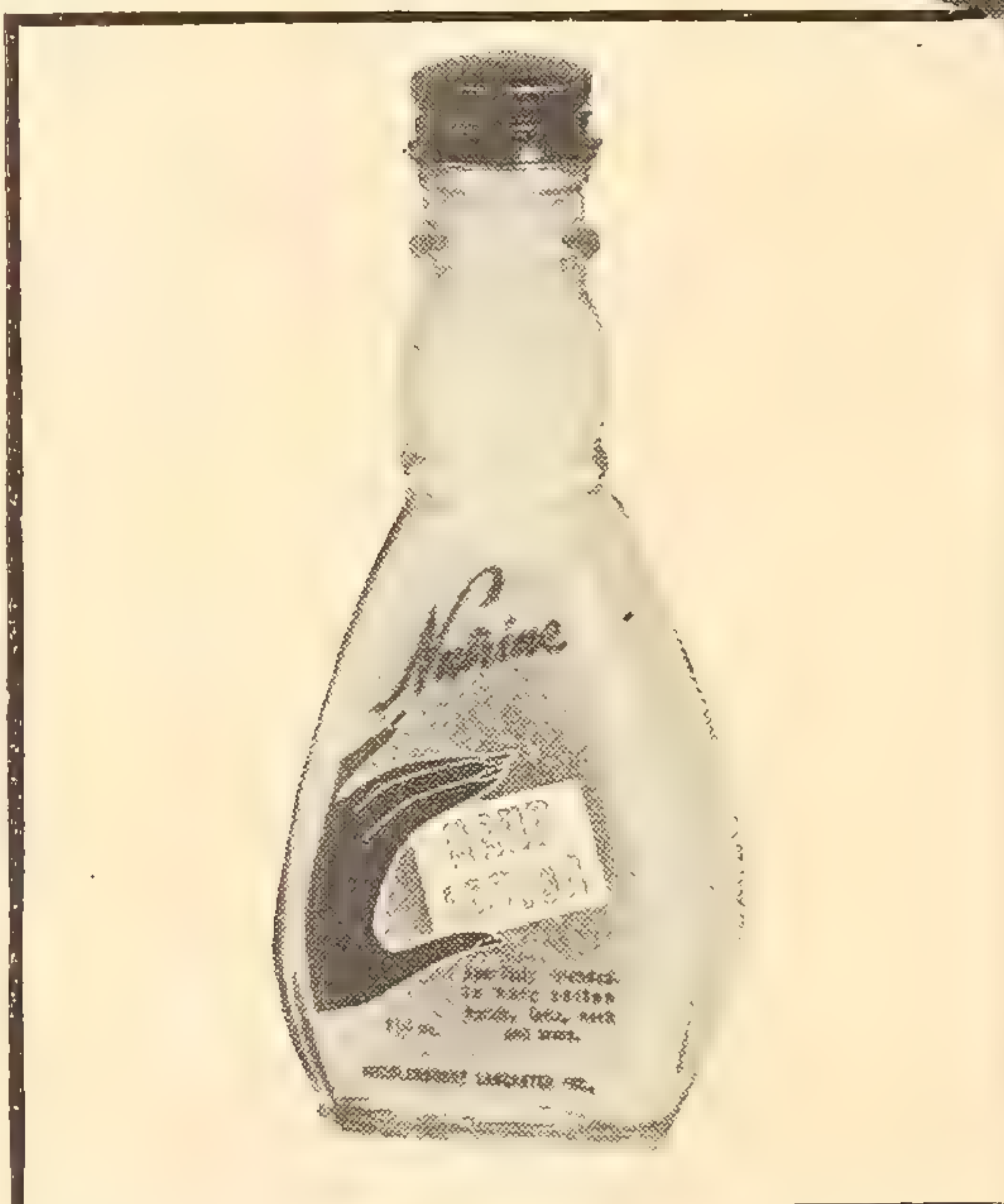
"Film-finish" accurately describes the face powder that Woodbury offers to you in eight shades, one of which is sure to be the perfect complement to your skin tone. This powder will stay on in the hottest day, and doesn't cake or clog or look "powdery."

Richard Hudnut introduces its "new" look for this year—Strawberries and Cream. That's what it's been tabbed and it is just that. The Strawberry is a new ripe, luscious red lipstick; the cream, a rich, pre-war creamy smooth face powder. Strawberries and Cream go wonderfully with summer tans and summer clothes.

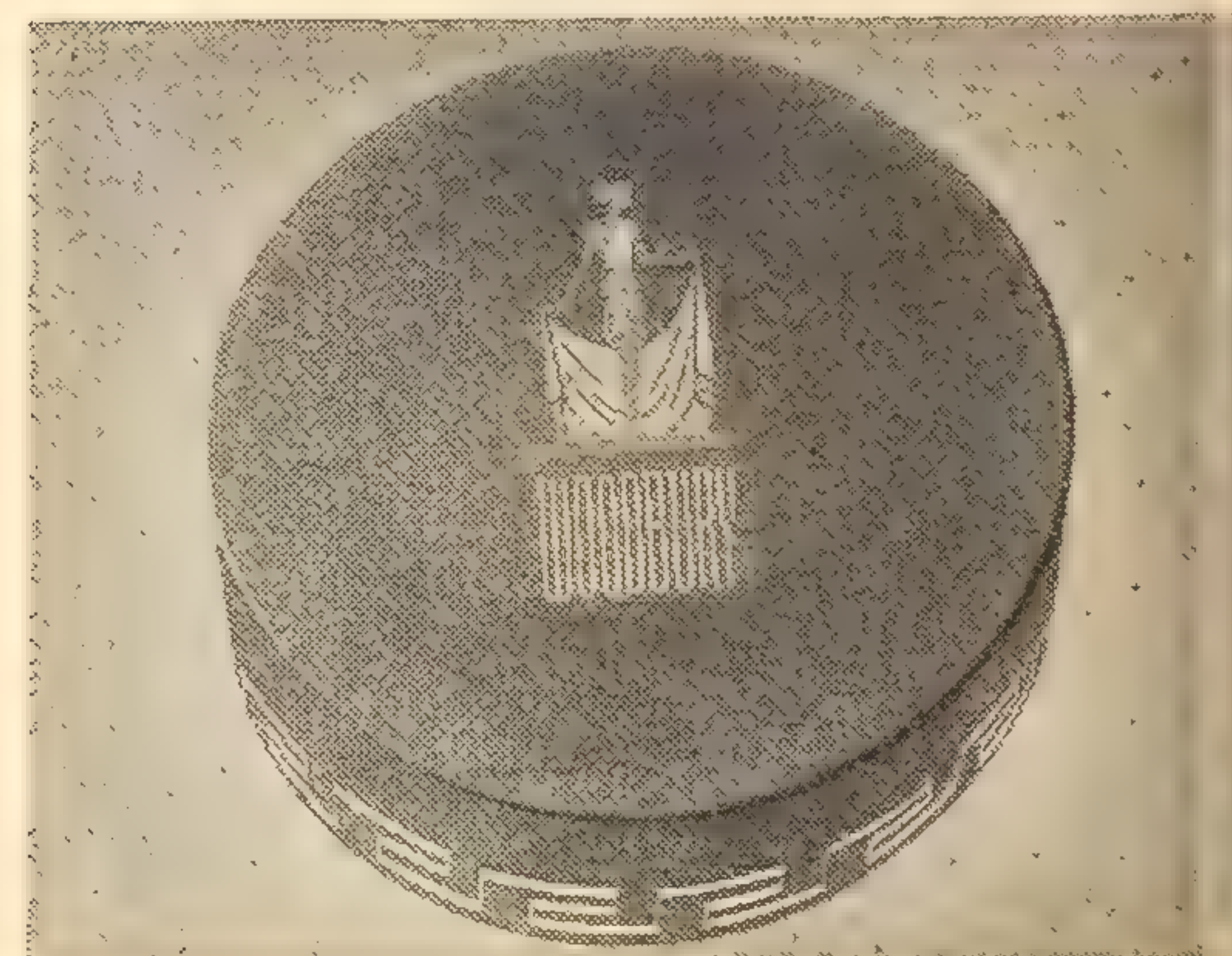
Skin conditions often appear at their worst in the summer and cause really discouraging and trying situations for young boys and girls. For just such difficulties, Rose Laird, who is always concerned with skin problems, has a specialized line of treatment preparations. With the products are explicit instructions for giving oneself a treatment at home. There are what-to-dos for blackheads, enlarged pores, oily skins and similar external skin problems that may rob you of a beautiful skin.



A boon for summertime grooming is Le Sonier's refillable powder mitt. It's so easy to use and gives you such a fresh feeling.



Non-sticky Nutrine Hand Lotion, 40-year favorite with beauticians, is now at toilet goods counters. Recommended, too, as a foundation base, skin softener, and skin protective agent.



Woodbury, after five years of research and experimentation, has produced Film-Finish powder which comes in eight exciting shades.



Screen Stars Know

Skin becomes Lovelier



with gentle Lux Soap Care

Hollywood beauty tip! "Every day I take my Lux Soap facials," says Gene Tierney. "I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it gently in. Rinse with warm water, then cold—pat dry with a towel. It's the way to really lovely skin!"

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

★ ★ **FIGHT WASTE** ★ ★

Soap uses vital war materials.

Don't waste it.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use LUX Toilet Soap!



Pond's "Lips" stay on...



and on...



and on!

Say it again!
Pond's "LIPS"
stay on longer!

6 devastating shades
49¢, 10¢, plus tax

... Try the newest
Pond's "Lips" shade—
"Beau Bait"—rich,
clear, true red.



have so much camaraderie now, such swell times together. But I didn't understand things then as I do now. I used to resent it when I tried to go out with Dutch and his gang and always ended up by being ordered home. After all, I wouldn't have wanted a much younger brother tagging at my heels, either. It's funny how that ten years' difference in our ages has simply disappeared now that we're adults, but what a chasm it made then. And as if that weren't enough, Dutch was always being held up to me as a shining example. It got me down. Dutch's record was just too high a mark to shoot at. He was such a flash."

Bill blossomed in his incognito. It was wonderful to amble through exams in the low sixties without being called upon to explain how a brother of the brilliant Dutch could be such an ignominy. He was having a wonderful time doing all the things he liked, painting sets for the dramatic department, trying to get his nerve up to register for the acting course and going all out in his English course, for English wasn't work at all because he liked it. He was a complete despair to the best friend he had on the faculty, the head of the drama department, who quickly realized that far from being a sluggish student Bill was quite a flash himself if he liked anything well enough to work earnestly at it.

Math was decidedly one of the things on Bill's taboo list. So were languages. In one of those, I'm-really-doing-this-for-your-own-good-Bill-and-some-day-you'll-thank-me-for-it moods, Bill's idol among the faculty made him get up at eight thirty to attend French class. But Bill quickly put a stop to that. He answered roll call in his pajamas and was very

quickly and neatly booted out of the course. After that he could devote most of his time to acting. Which was exactly what Bill had wanted to do all along.

"Trouble with me is, I'm lazy," he said. "That's why I was lucky being born in a small town. I feel sorry for people who are born in cities, especially New York, and wonder how they ever got the incentive to do anything, for everything they want is right there."

"It's different in a small town. You have to exert yourself to get what you want. There's a challenge to it. In my case, for instance, I never heard a concert except on the radio or saw a play until I was seventeen. In those days I used to think how wonderful it would be to have been born in a place like New York, to have everything in the world right there within my reach, museums, libraries, art galleries, symphony orchestras, theaters, and most important of all, people who were really doing all the things I was interested in. But I've changed my mind since. For, being lazy, I doubt if I would have done anything but accept the privileges of a city."

If ever a man should sue himself for libel, it's William Eythe. For if there's any truth to that label of laziness it's a secret known only to himself. His friends, no slouches themselves as far as energy and interests and enthusiasms go, confess they have all they can do to keep up with him.

All the new books, all the ones everyone was dying to read anyway, were scattered around his hotel living room on that recent trip to New York. All the magazines were there, too. And though he was working on an all-day schedule doing the things he had to do and all the things that he wanted to do,



A pin-up for tennis fans! Jinx Falkenburg stars next in Columbia's film, "The Gay Senorita."

Are you in the know?



You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- ☐ It's a love at first sight
- ☐ It passes the long-mirror test
- ☐ Your best friend tells you

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? In tune with your togs? Right for your height? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex not only helps you stay comfortable, confident—but provides a new safeguard for your *daintiness*.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. A new Kotex "extra"—yours at no extra cost!

Could be she aims to—

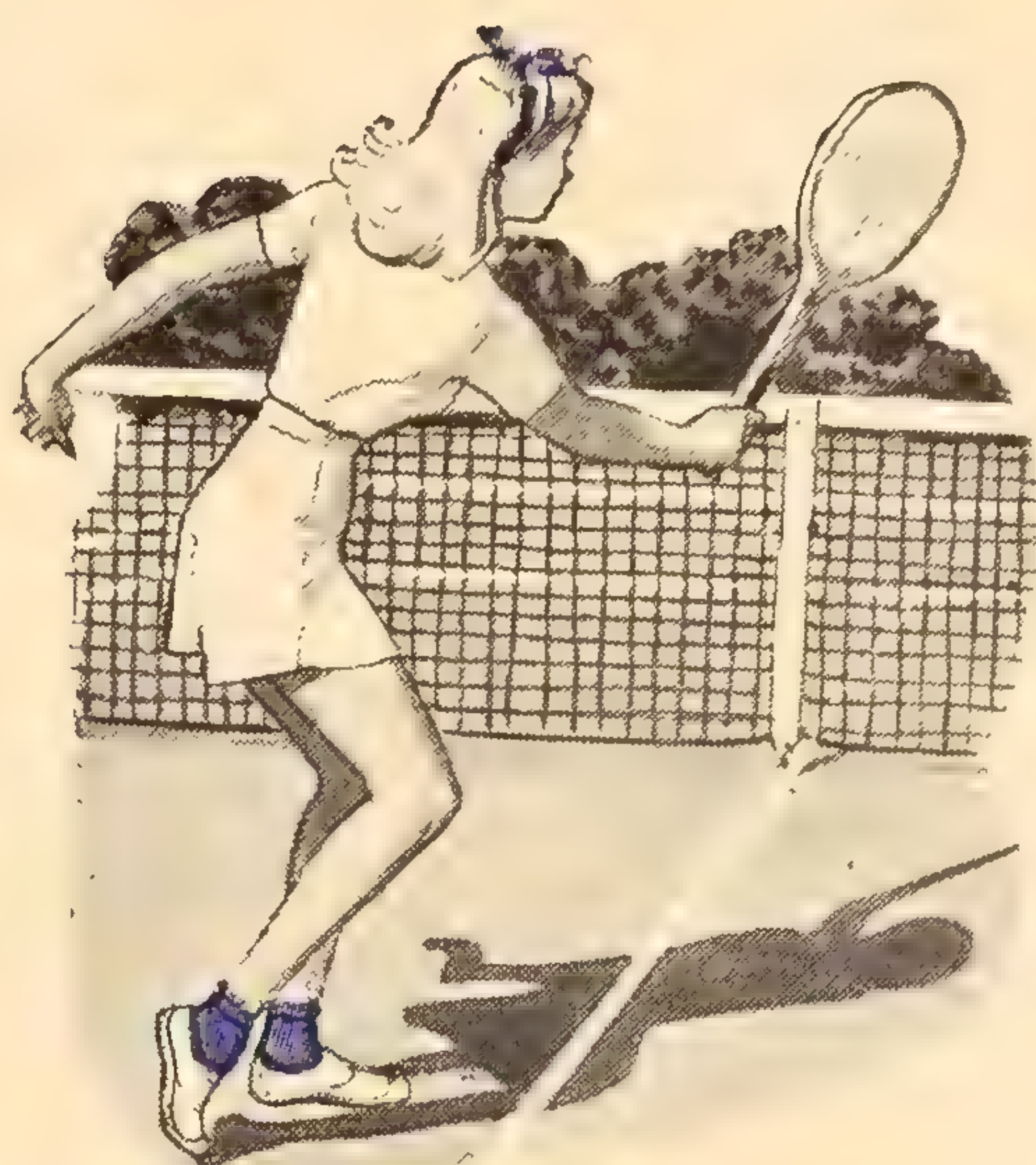
- ☐ Snare-o a caballero
- ☐ Be a brain box
- ☐ Win friends and interest people

When the midsummer heat's on, beat off the doldrums with a hobby—like learning a language the phonograph way. It's easy, and fun. And profitable—for a worthwhile hobby helps you win friends and interest people. Don't let problem days interfere. Defy them with the confidence that Kotex gives. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, *flat tapered ends* so unlike thick, stubby pads. And because those flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show, you can say "scram" to revealing outlines!



A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin at
no extra cost

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- ☐ Volley
- ☐ Forehand Drive
- ☐ Chop

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn the trick of keeping comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So, naturally, chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- ☐ Sally Subdeb
- ☐ Miss Sally Subdeb

Tuck this under your flat-top, to remember from now on. A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. Why the exception? So your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoiding mixups makes sense. Sidestep them at "those" times, too—by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. One important difference is the *plus* protection you get from the special, patented *safety center* of Kotex. And it's one reason why you can count on Kotex to help safeguard your secret.



More women choose KOTEX* than all
other sanitary napkins put together

Don't Look Now



...but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?



They have a stronger grip hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

he managed to read a good portion of the books at night.

He loves to talk. He loves to listen too. That's the reason he never goes to night clubs. "It's so futile," he says. "No one ever finishes a sentence." It's doubtful if he ever met anyone who bored him, he's so interested in all types of people. Just mention something that interests him and his worn-looking note book is out and he's jotting down the name of the book or whatever it was he wants to look up later.

Even those same teachers of his back at Carnegie Tech who despaired of ever making him apply himself to anything unless he wanted to, couldn't accuse him of laziness. He put himself through college writing radio programs and short stories, and once, they're still talking about it at Carnegie Tech, he lectured on astronomy at the Buhl Planetarium. It sounded very erudite, too. Nobody but Bill and his professors knew that all Bill knew about astronomy was that one lecture, memorized after weeks of research.

His record after leaving college was anything but sedentary either. Wherever a summer theater flourished, Bill would reach it sooner or later, figuring all was grist to the untried actor's mill. In his case it led right to that memorable performance of his in the stage production of "The Moon Is Down" to the equally memorable rôle of the weakling in "The Ox-Bow Incident," one of the most compelling pictures ever to come out of Hollywood.

Bill was fascinated by both parts but he had no desire to spend the rest of his life playing misfits, so he turned down the chance to appear in the Hollywood version of "The Moon Is Down." But he kept right on being fascinated, which is one of the things that puts Bill in an exclusive little niche of his own, for most people have a way of losing their enthusiasms.

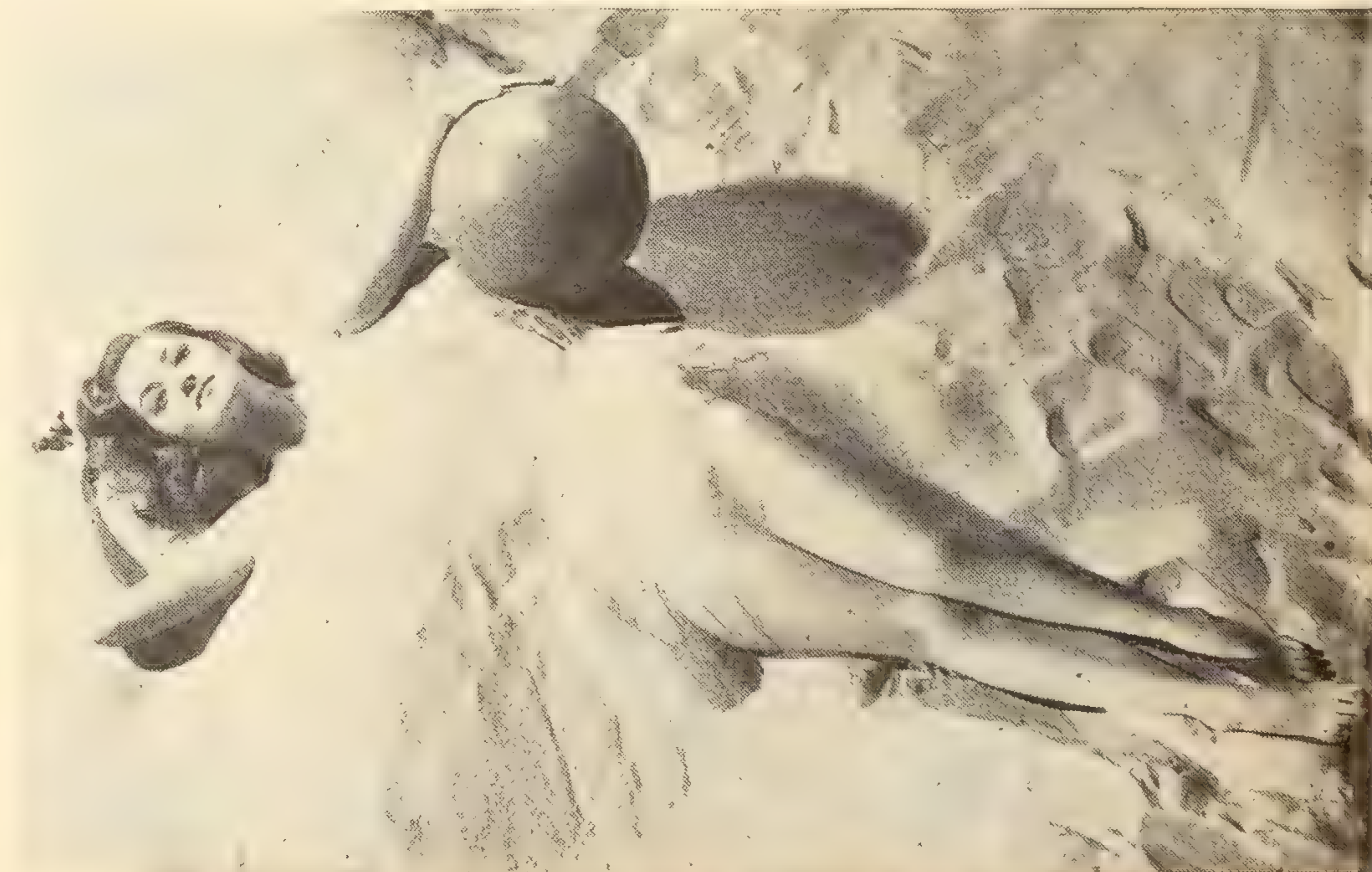
Everything interests him. One of the things he liked best about his part in "A Wing And A Prayer" was that it taught him so much about planes. Before the picture was over it was all he could do not to take off in one of the

Navy airplanes which were scattered over the field.

He lives in a small house on a mountain top with a Siamese cat, a red setter, and a dachshund, and they all get along wonderfully together, though the cat rules the roost. The cat, an out-and-out exhibitionist, couldn't take all the raves Bill was getting from callers who had seen previews of "A Royal Scandal" and seized the center of the stage by getting herself a nice little case of appendicitis and played it to the hilt, operation and all. The day after she came back from the hospital Bill found her lying in front of the two dogs showing her scar to that properly impressed audience.

Bill, who is getting quite a rush as one of the few bachelors in Hollywood, says he isn't thinking of matrimony yet, but is delighted that Alex Knox, one of his best friends, recently became a benedict. For Alex's wife likes garlic, and Bill has been having quite a bit of trouble finding people who like peppery seasoning for those dinners he cooks Saturdays and Sundays.

He learned how to cook back in the days, all of three years ago, when he lived in Greenwich Village and was trying to get a part on Broadway. The odd jobs he was doing didn't exactly add up to luxurious living and since his friends shared the same low income bracket six or seven of them decided that restaurant dinners costing what they did, they'd pool their resources and cook their own, which was a wonderful idea until they learned none of them could cook. None of the others were interested in learning and so Bill got himself a cook book rather than see such a wonderful project as really eating go by the boards. And as usual with anything he does, Bill ended up by liking it. He has only one complaint. There aren't enough people in the world who like garlic. But even at that Bill, who never can resist adding just one more clove of that very pungent bulb to anything he is cooking, shouldn't really worry about ever finding himself without guests. Not with so many people in the world who like Bill.



Snowed under summer sand is Martha Vickers, Warner Brothers' starlet.

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want Longer Hair?

★ ★ ★ THEN TRY THIS
PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR
 ... Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.



MAKE THIS EASY
 7-DAY TEST...

FULLY GUARANTEED



LONGER HAIR
 Dresses Better
 In Latest Styles

Marvelous Help

FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

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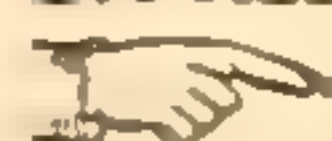
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The Truth About Myself

Continued from page 26

tasted some then and liked it. When there's time, I like to have a cup of coffee with cream and sugar, as well as that much-publicized egg.

My favorite food is, I guess, everyone's favorite. Steak, when I can get it. I like it medium rare. I also like hearts of lettuce with roquefort dressing, au gratin potatoes, broiled mushrooms, and fresh pineapple. I have always wanted to sit down and eat a whole pineapple. Usually it's served in very small slices. I still haven't sat down with an entire pineapple. That is one of my frustrations.

When my wife and I lived in New York, she cooked and I washed the dishes. She is very good at casserole dishes, crab-meat and mushrooms, baked pork chops and wild rice, etc. Also she makes an excellent bouillabaisse. There are very few dishes I can cook—steak, bacon and eggs and scrambled eggs.

We have dozens of pet names for each other and rarely call each other by anything but those pet names.

We met when she was a hairdresser with Katherine Cornell's show, "Doctor's Dilemma," and I had a small part in the show. It was attraction at first sight. Greta is a very pretty blonde. I asked her for a date, and a day or two afterwards we went out to a dance at a Philadelphia hotel. Greta is a much better dancer than I—she can do the samba, the rumba and the conga. I know one step

and change the beat. I can do a waltz and a fox trot—that's all. But Greta had no difficulty following me. I have seen her follow even worse dancers than I. She's so good she can dance with anyone and make him look good.

We don't do any jitterbugging in public. It is not quite my style, but at home I have jitterbugged a few times. There are times when you feel like jumping up and down, and that's when I jitterbug.

My idea of the most fun is an informal gathering with friends at our home. I'd rather have a bunch of friends over and stand around singing with them than go to a night club. In the two years we have been in Hollywood, my wife and I have been to night clubs only two or three times.

I think my worst fault is being one-track minded. When I get intense about something, I can have no fun till it is out of the way. If I am hepped up about a scene I have done during the day and think it isn't just right, I take it home with me, sit around brooding and spoil everyone's dinner. I kick myself around mentally for not being able to shift from one thing to another. Leland Hayward, the agent, can shift gears mentally forty times a minute. I've seen him do it, and he concentrates on each thing in turn, then dismisses it from his mind. But if I have something on my mind, I can't even eat properly. Then I just shovel food in-

side myself, without paying any attention to what I am eating.

I am very seldom late for work but always late socially. Fifteen minutes before I am due for dinner is the time I try to get ready. Left to myself, I would probably wear the same clothes I've been wearing all day—an old pair of slacks and a sweater. My wife has to remind me to change my clothes. So I'll put on a shirt, tie and suit, then remember I haven't shaved. With the fresh shirt on, I'll shave and I'll get some shaving cream on the collar and tie. Then, of course, I have to take off the shirt and change to another. My wife complains that I don't like to shave or dress up.

Often when I've gotten into a suit because my wife thought I should, I'll come for dinner at someone's house and find that most of the other men are wearing slacks and casual sport clothes. There's something about Hollywood that encourages you to be a beachcomber. In New York, you couldn't walk down Fifth Avenue in an open shirt. So in New York I always used to wear neckties. Now I only wear them for dinners and such.

I'm not very neat around the house and am apt to drop my clothes all over the place. My wife bawls me out kiddingly. She'll take me by the ear and point out what a mess I've made. Then I pick up the things I've scattered. But the next day I'll probably drop my clothes around just the same as always.

I think I win about 50 per cent of my arguments with my wife. I have an illusion that I will let her win the lesser arguments — then if more important

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things come up, I'll win them. One subject on which we argued for months was whether to add a bunch of Maurice Chevalier and Jean Sablon records to our collection. You know what Maurice Chevalier's love songs are like. Sablon is a French swooner who sings sentimental songs. I don't like them. When Greta and I went down to music stores to hear the records, she would always start fingering the Sablon and Chevalier ones. Then when our pile of records was ready to be sent out, I would put the Sablon and Chevalier records back on the music store shelves, and I would tell Greta, "I won't pay for these. I don't want them in our house."

But Greta continued to want them badly. I found that out after we went to New York. I had to leave sooner than Greta did, as I was needed for a picture. After I had gone, Greta bought some Sablon and Chevalier records and had them shipped out to Hollywood. When I opened the package and saw what they were, I decided that since Greta had wanted them so much, we might as well keep them. So I guess you could say she won that argument.

I win some of our arguments about how our money should be spent. Greta is inclined to be more frugal than I, particularly when it comes to buying things for herself. She would rarely buy a new dress if I didn't prod her into it. When she sees someone wearing an attractive dress or suit and says, "Look how nice that is!" I'll urge her to buy something like it for herself. Then we have an argument. But eventually I'll persuade her to

buy some new dresses. I like Greta particularly well in pink, navy blue and black. I don't go shopping with her regularly, though I have gone a few times. Her taste in clothes is excellent. She likes very simple clothes with no gewgaws, and that's what I like, too.

Other things I like are good jazz, good symphonies and violin music. I like Kreisler records, string quartets, Count Basie and Stuff Smith records. I also like good Western music—not the radio hillbillies, but Carl Sandburg and Burl Ives. I also enjoy square dancing, which we had a chance to do when we were on a ranch in Arizona.



Capt. Robert De Haven, 23-year-old fighter pilot, is first serviceman selected for post-war acting career. Columbia has him on a long-term.

I dislike the tinkly music of Andre Kostelanetz and I don't like curried anything.

My favorite sport is horseback riding; so I feel right at home in my new picture, "Duel In The Sun," which Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Walter Huston and I are making for David Selznick.

When I get through with work, I like to relax in our home in Coldwater Canyon. It's a grey and white house in bastard Williamsburg, Virginia, style. You couldn't call it Southern exactly; it has no columns. It is really a mixture of English Southern and modern. The furniture is a mixture, too. Part of it is ersatz post-war Barker Brothers. In the living room there are two very fine pieces, an antique grand piano and desk. These we rent for \$10 a month. We were very pleased at getting all the rest of the furniture, which was already in the house, for \$3,000. But that amount couldn't possibly have covered the piano and the desk. However, I sometimes think that when the owner takes out the piano and desk, we will have an awful hole in the living room and wonder what the \$3,000 went for.

Most of the furniture in the house has undoubtedly been upholstered several times. It looks pretty good, but of course I never look under the upholstery.

We now have a gardener. When we had our first house, I did all the gardening, mowed the lawn, trimmed hedges. But when I was working in a picture, that wasn't very convenient, as I would come home from work at night, and it



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was hard doing our gardening at night.

When I was working in "Keys Of The Kingdom" I had to get up about six in the morning. Usually, however, I wake about 7:30. My wife wakes up, too, but she stays in bed. She just turns over on her other side. I guess I'd do the same thing if I didn't have to go to the studio. I have read about myself that I always wake up at five on Sundays to see the sun rise. That's an exaggeration. I really have done it a couple of times, but not every Sunday. Definitely not!

I can't really think of anything about myself that is worth calling to the attention of Mr. Ripley. A bunch of orchids definitely doesn't sprout from the middle of my head. And I don't think he would be very much interested in the fact that I like to doodle with things. All sorts of things—keys, match sticks, cigarettes and paper. If I have a piece of paper in my hand, I must fold it. If it's a match stick I'm holding, I must bend it. And I make things out of paper clips, first a triangle, then a square, then a fish hook.

If it hadn't been for John Stahl, the director, maybe I would have an item for Mr. Ripley. When I was working on "Keys Of The Kingdom" I came near being the first zoot priest in history. The tailor padded the shoulders of my clothes. I knew I'd rather not have them padded, but didn't know that I could have any say about it. They had me into a zoot priest's suit. Stahl saw it and said, "Get that damn padding out." I was very glad he ordered it taken out, as I hated it.

I like to play practical jokes on people. It's fun to play them on Greta, because she is sometimes very gullible. When I first met her, I told her that I was a full-blooded Black Bottom Indian. Of course, there's no such tribe, but for three or four months Greta went around telling everybody she was going with a full-blooded American Indian. Actually I'm Irish, English, Scotch and Dutch. When I get depressed occasionally, Greta kids me about my Russian moods. No, I'm not really Russian. But Greta, being Finnish, doesn't like the Russians too well, so it isn't a compliment when she speaks of my Russian moods. That's another thing we argue about—the Russians.

Besides the gag about my being a full-blooded Indian, I once pulled the one about being a palmist. On about our second date I read Greta's palm. Never before in my life had I read anyone's palm, but I started off with a bang. Through luck I happened to guess that Greta had two brothers and one sister. After that she listened open-mouthed. I had hold of her hand all the time. It wasn't bad. Not bad at all. No, I wasn't serious at the time. I was just a young fellow on the make, doing the best he could to get along. I wasn't even serious when I told her that she would meet a tall, dark man who would fall madly in love with her and that it would be serious. I didn't realize at that moment that I was really predicting the future. The tall, dark man turned out to be myself.

I not only pull gags on Greta, I like to pull them on other people, too. Tay Garnett, my director on "The Valley Of Decision," and I pulled a whole series of gags on each other. He used to call me Skinny. I called him Stumpy or Shorty to get

even, though he isn't really so very short. One day he read a blurb about my voice in a magazine. The blurb said that it had the same quality for more mature women that Sinatra's had for the bobby soxers. So Tay tagged me the King-sized Sinatra. Then he bought a huge bow tie with about sixteen colors in it—including red and yellow and purple. He dared me to wear it into the Metro commissary, which I did. It was as loud as a stop light and caused quite a furore.

To get even, I gave him a set of gifts—vitamin pills, a rocking chair and a bunch of Frank Sinatra records. Also I used to kid him about all the girls who used to come to see him on the set. One day he was away from the set because he was ill. I sent him a series of gag telegrams. The first read, "Lot of loose girls wandering around, so shall I take the situation in hand?" Of course this was just a gag. I wouldn't want my wife to get the wrong idea. Then I sent another wire, and signed it, "The MGM girls." It read: "Don't hurry back, Garnett. Oh, that Peck. He sends us. Phooey on Garnett." To my third wire I signed my own name, "I'm neglecting my work." The final wire from me to Garnett had just one word in it, "Help."

Although I like to play practical jokes on other people, I am very gullible when they start playing them on me. Alfred Hitchcock proved that when he was directing a rehearsal of a dramatic scene in "Spellbound" in which my neurotic mind (according to the script) associates a long-bladed, old-fashioned razor with my neck. Hitchcock said, "Look at the blade. Feel its keen edge. Remember you're crazy. You advance to the mirror—you don't recognize yourself—you're a guy you hate—a guy you want to kill."

I followed his directions. Then Hitch said, "Hold your throat a pinch above your Adam's apple and put the razor blade by your left ear just below your jawbone."

Again I carried out his directions exactly. Then Hitch said, "Good, now cut." I brought myself up with a jerk just in time to avoid slicing my throat.

In spite of such gags and the good-natured kidding on their sets, people like Tay Garnett and Alfred Hitchcock are a great help to an actor in learning something about acting technique. I have learned most about acting from directors and from watching players like Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart and James Cagney—my favorites among the men. I've been very lucky, too, in having such good directors as John Stahl, Alfred Hitchcock, Tay Garnett, and now King Vidor on "Duel In The Sun." I've found other actors and actresses helpful, too, though I think you learn more about acting from watching others than from talking about it.

Before I came to Hollywood, I'd had some stage experience. There is one play in which I would like to appear, "A Bell For Adano," if Fredric March ever takes a vacation. He has the same agent as I, so that may be a possibility. I understand that when he was asked how he would feel about my stepping into the rôle, he said, "I'd feel just as if somebody were using my toothbrush." I can't blame the guy. After what he has done with



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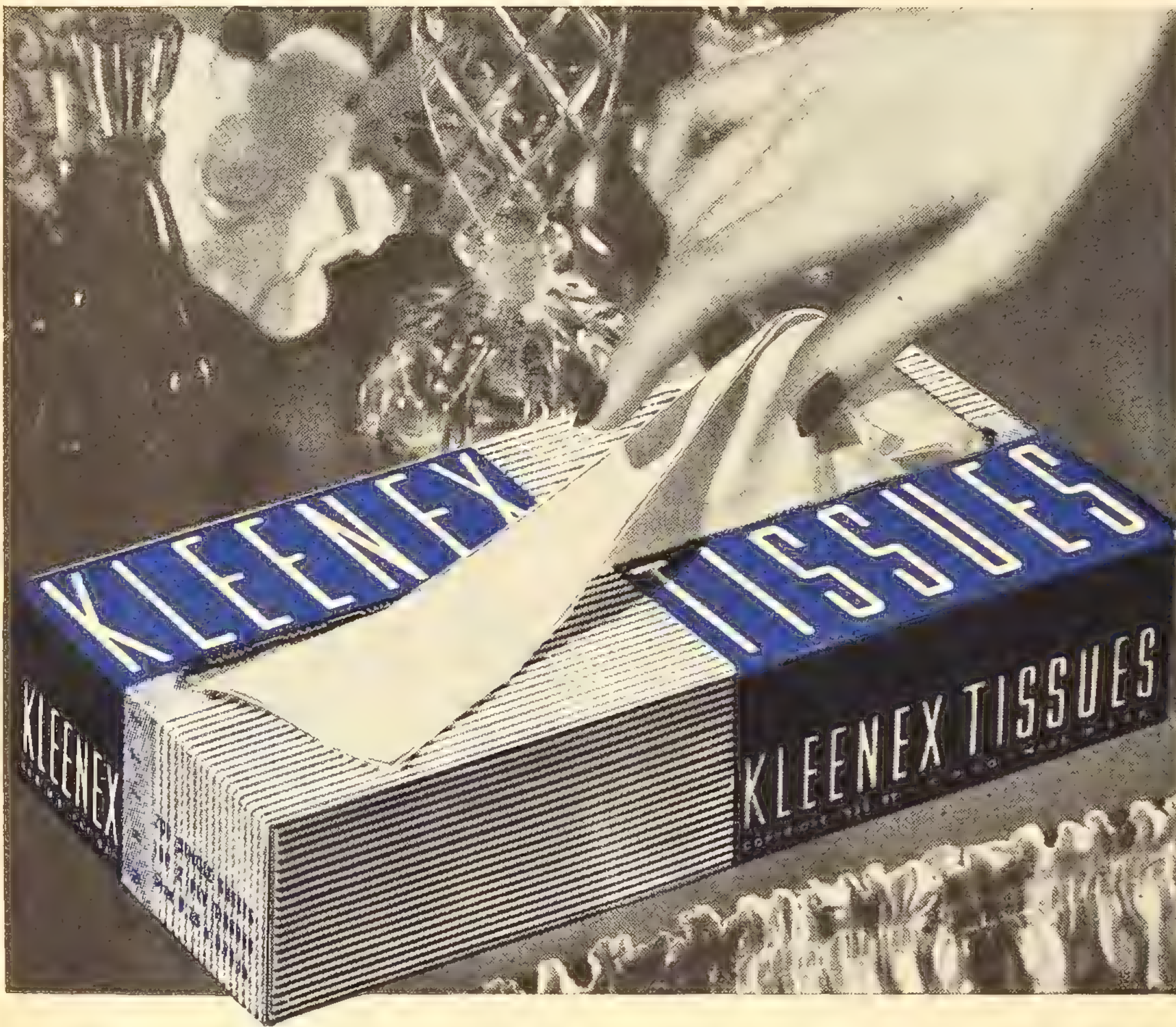


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the rôle, why should he want anyone else to step into the part? He has really made it *his* rôle. Incidentally, I have a ten per cent interest in the play. Yes, I'm an angel. In that way only, I'm afraid.

In other respects I'm hardly an angel. In the comparatively short time I've been in Hollywood I've already gotten two speeding tickets. And I'm certainly no angel about answering letters. I put them in a special drawer of my desk, planning to answer them just as soon as possible. Weeks pass before I remember them again. Oh, yes, I answer them eventually.

I'm also anything but an angel when it comes to writing thank-you notes. I'm very appreciative of favors that are done for me, and I always plan to write people and thank them immediately. But weeks or months later I suddenly remember the thank-you letter that I should have written. Then I write it, months too late.

Greta and I are, as you know, very proud parents. Our baby, Jonathan, is eight months old. We selected his name from a book of 2,500 names called "What Shall We Name the Baby?" by Winthrop Ames. We started discussing names for the baby long before he actually came. Each week we would change our minds. The week the baby was born, we had decided to call him Jonathan if he was a boy, Catherine if it was a girl.

I play very rough with Jonathan. I throw him up in the air and turn him upside down and hold him by the heels. He seems to like it.

I can prove it by the 16mm. film we have shot of such incidents. I was working with Ingrid Bergman in "Spellbound" when he was born. She's enthusiastic about keeping such a record of her child, so I got a lot of tips from her and we're doing the same for Jonathan. When I knew the baby was coming, I drove my wife to the hospital, singing "People Will Think We're in Love" all the way there.

Greta and I have been through a lot together. Most of the plays in which I appeared were flops, and I was often between plays. I remember one time when I was between "Morning Star" and "The Willow And I," and we were so broke we got behind on our rent. That had never happened before, but we were two weeks behind when I finally got hold of some money and offered to pay our landlady. She insisted we owed her three weeks' rent. I knew she was wrong. When money means that much to you, you don't make any mistake about whether you owe two weeks' or three weeks' rent. But we paid her the three weeks' rent she asked for and moved into a room across the street. We got out of that landlady's place damn quick, too.

In contrast with that unhappy and disillusioning experience, I had the pleasure last Christmas time of entertaining my wife's family at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Greta and I no longer had to worry that we might be thrown out on our ears for non-payment of rent. It was a good feeling. Greta was pretty happy about it, but her mother teased her by saying, "Well, Greta, I used to worry for fear you'd never get a husband."

I know Greta is one wife in a million. And I guess I shall always feel like singing "People Will Think We're in Love." And they're darned right. We are.

The Fan Letter That Helped Dane Clark

Continued from page 53

therefore missed out with the first night critics. However, I kept plugging, always believing there was a place for me. Sometimes it seemed very far away and sometimes I got very discouraged.

Then I came out to Hollywood. I played a small part here and there. Finally Warner Bros. signed me to a long-term contract. My name was changed to Dane Clark, which didn't particularly please me. But this was my big opportunity, I thought. So I allowed nothing to stand in the way of my optimism. Months went by and very little happened. As I look back, I realize it is often this way. So many are sent for. The competition is keen. But I was eager, ambitious. Being on the defensive, I naturally thought it was just happening to me. I was too self-engrossed to look around me and recognize dozens of others who were in my same predicament.

By the time I got my first real part in "Action In The North Atlantic," I was a pretty bitter guy. Humphrey Bogart did everything he could to encourage me. I was grateful, but after this one rôle there was another long wait. I saw others getting ahead. Boys with very little experience becoming stars overnight. It's true, I was getting paid, which was very important. But I was hurt because I thought there wasn't a place for me. I'd pop off about my bad fortune—all of which caused people to avoid me. After all, nobody is attracted to a sore-head. When they finally cast me in "Destination Tokyo" my discouragement made me certain that nothing good would come of it. I could find no convincing reason why I shouldn't throw in the sponge. But I had a contract, and had to stick.

Perhaps if there had been someone, maybe just one person who understood what I was going through, he could have set me straight. There are many kind people in Hollywood. But it is a busy place. Actors, and I mean some of the best actors, are the most insecure group of any profession. You'd be surprised how many of the top-ranking stars have horrible inferiority complexes. The out-



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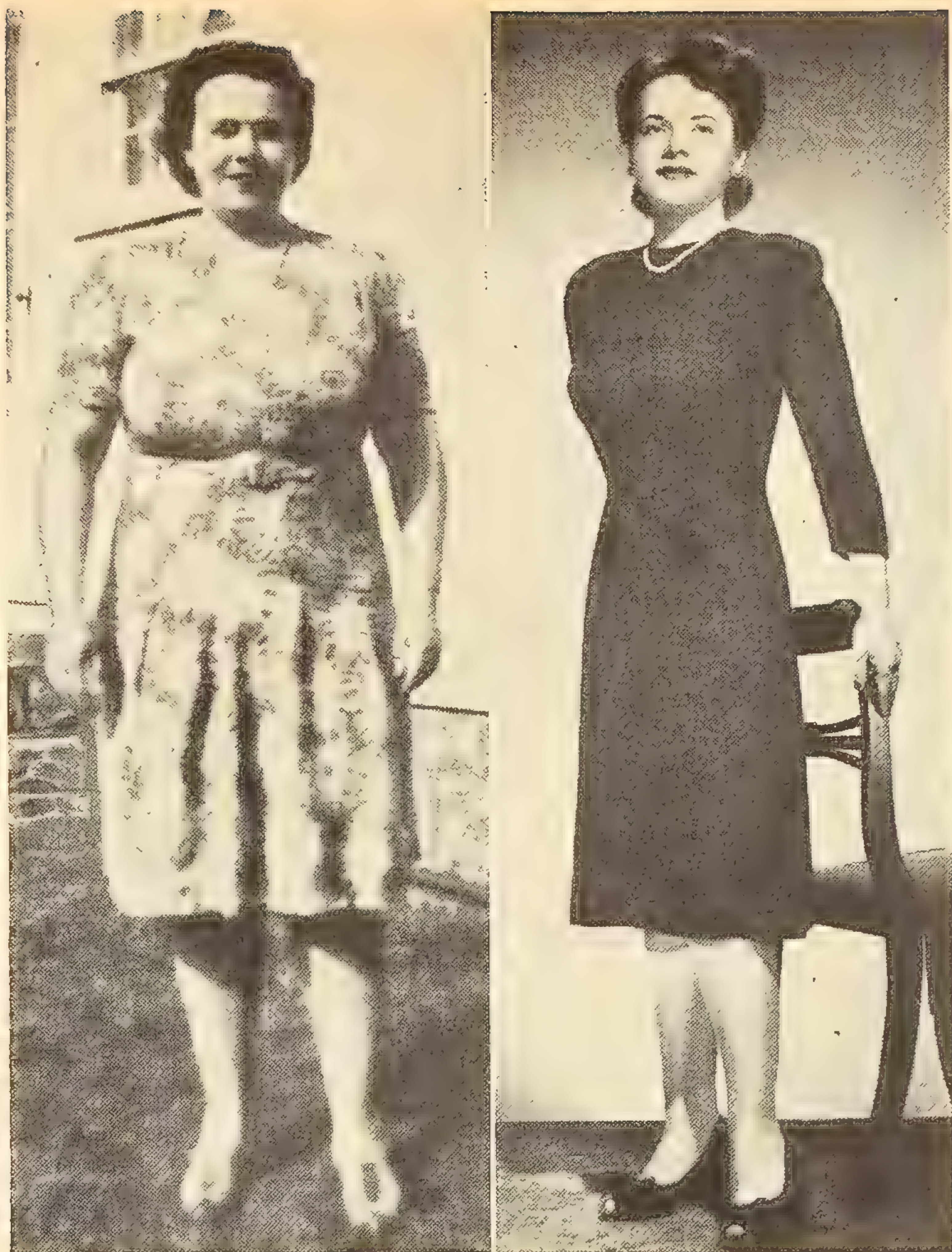
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What does it all mean—I used to ask myself? I come to the studio, get before the camera and make a few faces. Then I go home again. There is no audience there to give a warm, encouraging hand, if pleased. That enthusiasm an actor feels, that joy of projecting something good you feel inside of yourself, isn't shared. It's all just a cold-blooded money-making proposition. There is no inspiration, no reason for trying to do it just a little bit better. Whether it was me playing the part, or another actor playing the part was of very little consequence. Or so I thought.

My heart was filled with misgiving. I didn't see how I could continue. Then one night I was reading fan mail. That was the first time I read your letter, Dorothy. I read it again and again. I turned off the light and, lying there in the dark, at last I began to see things clearly. One line in your letter kept repeating itself in my brain. "I want to thank you for something personal which you have done for me alone, however unknowingly and unintentionally." Suddenly the whole thing was clear as crystal. The reason for being an actor. The reason for *my* being.

There you were in Iowa City and here I was in Hollywood. Worlds apart and yet, something I had done on the screen—my interpretation of a character—had helped you to laugh at yourself!

I should like to feel there will be others who find themselves resolved through something I might do on the screen. That is the reason I now fight so hard to do everything as well as I can—whether it is light comedy like "Hollywood Canteen," or powerful drama like "This Love Of Ours."

More important than either you or me is the help we might give to others—others who are "tired, scared, afraid of the constant struggle," as you put it. Only when we have helped them will we really be fulfilling our functions as human beings.

I am very grateful to you, Dorothy, because I am no longer "tired" or "afraid" of myself.

Most sincerely,

DANE CLARK

The Fan Letter That Helped Dane Clark

Continued from page 52

within myself. I was selfish and irritable and a tyrant in my own home, making unreasonable demands of the family.

It was after one of my frequent temper tantrums that I went to the movies to cool off. And of course I soon forgot my anger. Being highly emotional I lived every tense moment of the plot along with the actors of "Destination Tokyo." And as I watched you, Dane, in your big dramatic scene I thought of

how I would have reacted as a thirteen-year-old. I knew first how your sincerity would have appealed to me, how your show of emotion would have gone straight to my heart. I knew how I would have looked through all the movie magazines for your picture and how I would have asked the theater manager for the publicity folder. Oh, how I longed to be back at that age, free of care and responsibility, free from failures. I sat through the picture again, and a third time, and a fourth—just drugging myself with thoughts of the past, pretending that I was a movie-crazy thirteen-year-old and forgetting that I was really twenty—and a failure. And I was happy, blissfully happy. As I left the theater I thought—why not keep up the deception? So I did. I just let myself go. On the way out I stopped by the manager's office and asked him for the press book. At the drugstore I looked through all the movie magazines and bought every one which had your picture in it. I was being silly, of course, but I was happy. And as I walked home I realized the humor of the situation and I laughed, not a half-hearted laugh caused by external stimulus, but a real laugh from deep down inside.

And I have been laughing at myself ever since, not mockingly, but just the good-humored laugh of a girl who has ceased to take herself too seriously. I can now laugh away my troubles and cares, laugh at responsibility and go about my work with a new determination. I laugh at little everyday incidents that two weeks ago would have caused me great annoyance. My friends and family can't understand what has caused this sudden change in me. But I know, and you know, Dane.

Next Fall I am going back to school. I'm going to study hard and succeed, and I'm going to have a good time doing it. And maybe someday if I do make a name for myself and do accomplish great things, Dane, you can remember that you had a part in my success. You helped me to find myself, and most important of all, you taught me to laugh.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY JANE KING



Gale Storm poses in costume for her next Monogram picture, "Sunbonnet Sue."



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Someone asked me why we call the Gerber baby "America's Best-Known Baby". This little fellow appeared on our early packages, and in 17 years he has become famous all over the country.

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feeding program
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Well-fed— I know all about that!

It's just natural for Gerber babies to look well-fed and healthy! For Gerber's Baby Foods bring babies these four advantages: (1) Cooked the Gerber way *by steam*, to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste *extra* good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

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Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

How Hayworth Has Changed!

Continued from page 31

but Rita's awfully happy being a housewife.

And no longer does she sit quietly in a corner, afraid of her own voice. Perfectly poised, and with a self-assurance she never had before, Rita chatters away, pleasantly and intelligently on practically any subject you want to throw at her. She has read all the books that are being discussed. Orson brings them home and they read them together. She is terrifically interested in politics. When Orson was out campaigning (Rita was pregnant and couldn't go with him) last fall she never missed a broadcast. "Orson's speeches for the President were brilliant," she says enthusiastically. "I think I was more excited over politics than the baby." Being the wife of a columnist she is much better informed about world conditions than most people. She sits up with Orson at nights when he writes his column, and that, I bet, is an education in itself. So don't let that beautiful puss fool you—behind it is a mind that could take on a Dorothy Thompson or a Clare Luce without bruising a brain cell. Really, now, she should sue those people who say, "Rita hasn't changed a bit since she's been in pictures."

Rita and Orson and little Miss Rebecca ("Orson says the baby looks like him dressed up in baby clothes") live in a modernistic rented house in Brentwood. Since her mother's death a few months ago "Daddy" (Eduardo Canino, Sr.) has come to live with them. Her two brothers, Vernon and Eduardo, are fighting overseas. The Welles house is practically a glass house, but fortunately it's on a hillside and there are no near neighbors. At the bottom of a steep hill is a swimming pool built like a lagoon with an island in the center—and this is where the Welleses spend most of their daytime hours when Orson isn't acting, columning, or appearing on his weekly broadcast. At present he is acting in "Tomorrow Is Forever" with Claudette Colbert and George Brent, which means that he has to get up at five o'clock every morning. Rita gets up and has breakfast with him, and then plays with the baby, who is an early riser too. Then she busies herself around the house—she has an arrangement with the servants that she will dust and sweep the downstairs—until it is time to take a bull-fighting lesson, after which friends drop by, and Orson comes home for dinner. "Sometimes," says Rita, "Orson doesn't get around to writing his column until two or three in the morning. He completely forgets that he has to have a couple of hours' sleep. Sleep is very unimportant to him. And as for myself—well, I have always loved the night. It's the Spanish in me, I guess. I would like to stay up all night every night. But as soon as I start my next picture I'll get back on a regular schedule."

The afternoon I saw Rita at her home she was wearing a gaily colored print, and looking, as always, beautiful. "It's a

pre-pregnant dress," she said when I commented on it. "I was so delighted to find I could get in it again."

Rita and Orson recently returned from Mexico City. Orson, as a leading American columnist, had to cover the Pan-American conference held there. Now Rita knows how it feels to be a newspaper man's wife. "Every time I entered a conference room someone in a stiff shirt said, 'Sorry, Madame, you are not allowed in here,' and closed the door in my face." While Orson was conferencing she shopped around and bought enough clothes and jewelry to stock a store. Although her father was born in Spain, Rita had never been to Mexico City before. She found it a most fascinating place. Much more fun than Tiajuana and Caliente where she used to dance with Daddy when the Cansinos were down on their luck. "Daddy used to lock me in the dressing room between shows," Rita said. "Naturally, I didn't have much of an opportunity to enjoy Mexico."

But the most fascinating discovery in Mexico City was the bull fight. "I guess that's the Spanish in me, too," she said with a laugh. "I went crazy over bull fights. I decided then and there that I wanted to be a matador—though of course I'd never have the nerve to face a real bull."

When the Welles returned to Hollywood they brought young Fernando Lopez, a real honest-to-goodness bull fighter ("He has killed at least twenty bulls") back with them for a visit. He's having a wonderful time. In the mornings he visits the studios, and in the afternoon he gives Rita a two hour bull-fighting lesson. "It's such graceful footwork, and it's really the most wonderful exercise you can take," Rita ex-



All set for a sun bake, MGM's Lucille Bremer wears smart yellow rayon gabardine playsuit.

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claimed excitedly, “and so much more interesting and colorful than the routine one-two-three stuff.” At night she executes her “lances” and “passes” at Orson, who she claims makes a very ferocious bull. When Orson gets tired of being a bull, Daddy obligingly plays the part. Another frequent guest at the Welles home these evenings is Bud Boettenger, who used to be a first rate bull fighter himself, but is now a director at Columbia. Rita first met him when he was technical director on “Blood And Sand.” With all this exciting “bull” talk going on you can readily see why it's usually after three o'clock before Orson gets around to writing his column.

Pookles, Rita's pup, put in his appearance at this point, and shed his hairs generously over my black suit. Pookles and an Australian parakeet are the only pets in the Welles menage just at present.

“Last winter before the baby was born Orson brought me home a turtle one night,” Rita related. “He said its name was Maggie, and that it reminded him of me—for obvious reasons. Maggie and I both had a hard time turning over.

Poor Maggie died while we were in Mexico. I think the servants forgot to feed her. Though I like to think that it was because she missed us so much she grieved herself to death. I was very upset as I had become quite fond of Maggie, but I suppose it was all for the best—she wouldn't eat anything except hamburger, and I can't even get hamburger for Orson these meatless days. But Maggie's memory lingers on—Orson calls me Maggie.”

Little Miss Rebecca Welles (“I named her after my favorite character in ‘Ivanhoe’”) drove across the patio in her carriage, and cooed good-naturedly at all of us. When she saw Rita she broke into a full size grin. Rebecca is a beau-

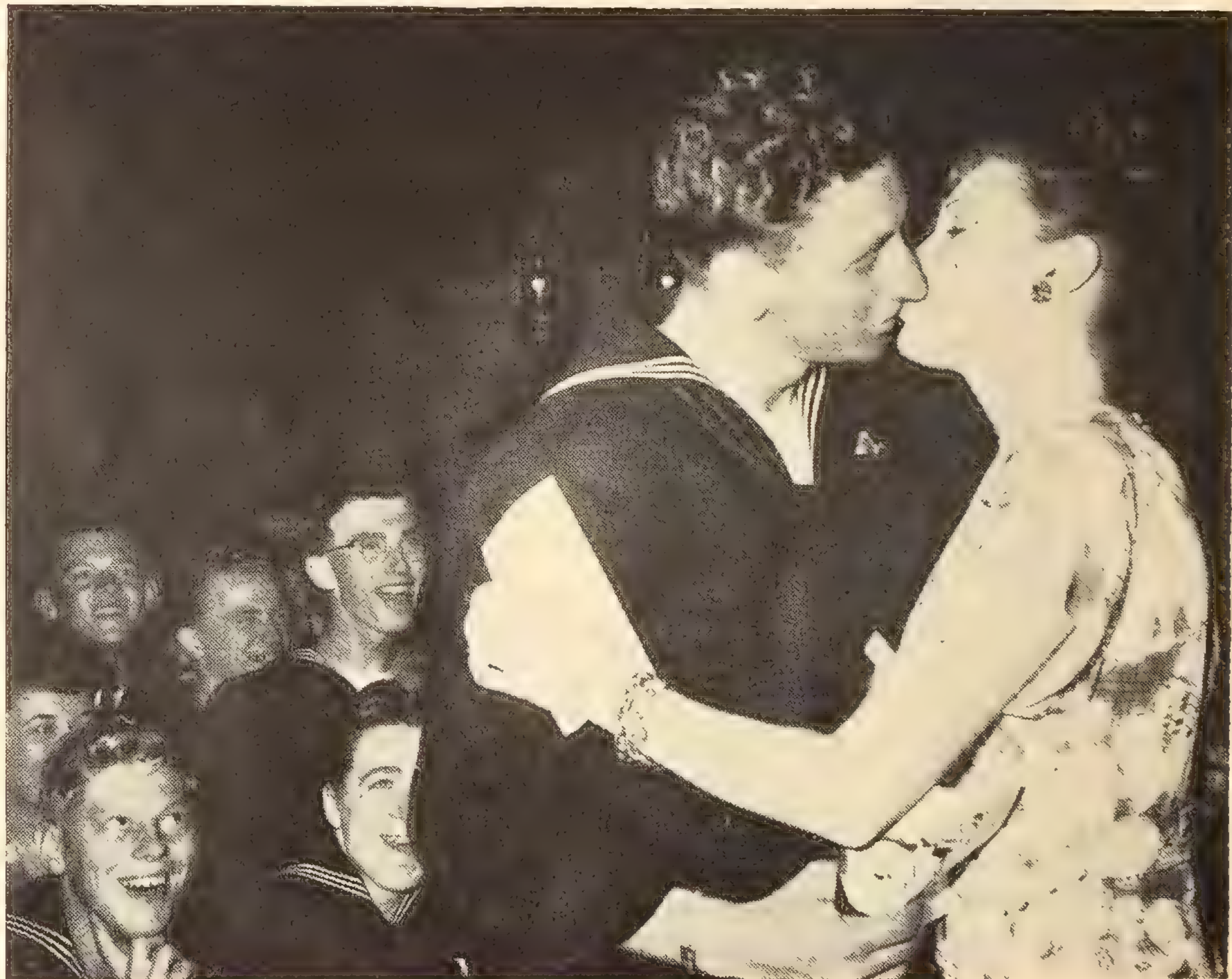
tiful, healthy baby, with a sprout of darkish hair and big blue eyes. “Both Orson and I have hazel eyes,” said Rita, “and we were so pleased when Rebecca's eyes were blue. But people keep telling us the color will change when she gets older. I hope not.”

Rita was six and a half months pregnant when she finally finished “Tonight And Every Night.” “I was certainly getting a bit on the hefty side towards the end of the picture,” she said with a giggle. “I never had so many close-ups in my life. And I guess I never will again. Everything happened to hold up production. We thought we had finished all the dance numbers when suddenly we remembered the samba number. Remember what a strenuous number that was? Well, the baby was born four months after that. My doctor is still furious with me. All during the making of the picture he kept asking me if I had any more dancing to do. I'd tell him, ‘just a few simple little steps.’ Well, after Rebecca was born he happened to see the picture—and he nearly passed out cold.”

Rita expects to start another picture at Columbia in a couple of months, but it won't be a dancing picture for a change. When the doctor had recovered from his dead faint he hastily said no more dancing pictures for a year. Which was all right with Rita. She has had a hankering to do a straight dramatic rôle for a long time. She hasn't had a non-dancing picture since Ben Hecht's “Angels Over Broadway” which was five years ago. She played a dancer only she didn't dance, and she was darned good.

“It will be so nice,” said Rita with a sigh, “to play in a picture in which the studio doesn't undress me.”

Well, all right. But mind you, Rita, no bustles. No fair muscling in on Garson.



Winner of War Bond, Bill Lucas from Pennsylvania, gets an added dividend of a kiss from Joan Leslie before an engrossed audience at the Hollywood Canteen.

Gene Tierney Has Her Troubles, Too!

Continued from page 20

I don't know how *you* feel about it but it certainly makes me happier to know that movie stars are having their civilian problems these days too. Furnaces blow up in your face, waiters insult you, and repairmen are casual, indifferent and inefficient—whether you happen to be a glamorous star or one of the common people. It's some consolation anyway. While she dug into the bread and jelly Gene told me, with typical Tierney humor, all she'd been through lately.

When her husband, Oli Cassini, a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army, was stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, Gene, like a good Army Wife, made a home for him there. They managed to find a small house in one of the new developments near the camp. It wasn't much of a house to be sure, but after several months of hall bedrooms and bungalow courts, equipped with cockroaches and mice, it really looked like heaven. When Oli and Gene married they bought a most attractive house high in the hills back of Hollywood, and had just about finished furnishing it when Oli volunteered. When she left for Kansas she rented this house to some friends of some friends. Well, after she had furnished the Junction City, Kansas, house with knick-knacks she had picked up here and there in surrounding towns, her husband received orders to report to an Eastern camp. She decided to go to Washington to be with her in-laws while she had her baby. The night before they left Junction City Gene auctioned off all her furniture to other Army wives. Oli hadn't been in the East very long before he received orders to return to Fort Riley. After her little daughter was born Gene again joined him there—but this time she couldn't get any furniture for love or money. "All we had," said Gene, "was a bed with bad springs, a card table with a rickety leg, a rocking chair and a stove. Not even an icebox. We had to keep our food cold by burying it in the snow."

About that time the studio said fun's fun and it was very sweet of Miss Tierney wanting to be an Army Wife—but what about her contract? So Gene, grumbling a bit, came back to Hollywood to star in the very successful "Laura." She told the friends of friends who had her house that she'd like to get back in it but they said oh, heavens no! She finally managed to rent a house in the Carthay Circle section of Los Angeles. This is a "modest" neighborhood, not in the least movie starish, and the houses are small and close together. She brought the baby out from Washington, and the baby's nurse, who is strictly New England.

"I had hardly gotten settled," said Gene, "before my brother, his wife and baby decided to visit me. I rented a bed and a crib and put them up in the den. Then my cook wouldn't stay unless she had her daughter with her, so I rented a bed for her. There were so many

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rented beds in that house it looked like a hospital."

And as if life wasn't hard enough stumbling over beds and struggling for food "in a half-witted moment I decided to give a party." The tables were arranged in the back yard for a buffet supper, and the guests were being gay and chatty, when she suddenly looked up and saw all the kids in the neighborhood, of which there were plenty, lining the roofs of the garages on both sides of the yard. The kids started making faces at the guests, and the guests started making faces right back at the kids.

"Well, the next thing was that the people who owned the house in the first place decided they wanted to move back in it. And of course they came to that decision the day Gene started work on "Dragonwyck." There wasn't any place for her to move—houses, apartments, hotel rooms even, being scarcer in Los Angeles now than hen's teeth. So she just had to be firm with those friends of friends. Anyway, they moved out of her house, and she moved back into it. As she had rented it furnished she didn't have anything to move except the baby's furniture and trunks and silver and such—but just try and find anybody to move even that. She chose a Sunday to move because it was the only day she could get away from the studio. The movers promised to come early, but didn't so she had to pay all the little boys in the neighborhood to help her pack everything possible into her car. When she arrived at her home in the hills she had to pull everything up the incline, piece by piece. In the house, she soon discovered, there was a shortage of towels (towels do wear out, eventually) and the blankets were still in Junction City—she had forgotten all about them! And to add to the horror of it all the nurse sat down on her bed the night they moved and it folded up under her like a house of cards. Plump, right on the floor she landed. Naturally nothing like that would ever have happened in New England. ("Three times I sent that bed to be repaired," said Gene with a sigh, "and twice the repairman brought it back—only to have it collapse again. I don't think he knew anything more about repairing than I did. But he didn't

fail to remind me that there was a war on.)

"When I arrived on the set Monday morning—I went to bed at three and had to get up at five—I certainly didn't look like Vincent Price's sweet young bride. I could easily have played Mrs. Dracula without makeup. But there was no rest for the weary when I finally dropped myself home that night."

As soon as she dragged her tired body up the hill the nurse informed her that if she didn't get some electric heaters for the nursery immediately that the baby would take pneumonia. So Gene phoned all over town. But you can't buy electric heaters now. She recalled that she had seen some in the property department so she dashed back to the studio, and deliberately "borrowed" several. "I was so pleased with myself," said Gene, "I plugged them in with a flourish, and every darned fuse in the house blew out. There were no lights, no Frigidaire, no radio, no stove, no clocks, no nothing. I just sat right down and howled."

When Gene and Oli bought this attractive old farmhouse, which is miles and miles away from everything, they thought it the most ideal spot in the world. Which it was. But like millions of other Americans they hadn't figured on a war. This isolation, which was so beautiful and desirable before, is now a nightmare. No one wants to take the time or gas to drive to the Cassinis to deliver anything, or fix anything.

Two days after she moved back in her own home the furnace went on the blink. "After numerous phone calls I finally learned that there was only one man in Los Angeles who knew how to repair the model burner which I have. I finally persuaded him, for the sake of my poor freezing chee-ild, to come out and take a look at the furnace—I'm sure it was an Academy Award performance over the telephone. "That type burner," he said casually, "has been discontinued. It wasn't a satisfactory model. Guess you'll just have to buy a new one." When? Well, he just couldn't say. There was a war on, or didn't I know."

But before she found out that the old furnace was now déclassé, Gene had two fires which added to the excitement.



Sonny Tufts has a happy reunion with his brother and sister-in-law, Lt. Com. and Mrs. David Tufts. Note the strong family resemblance.

Seems that the pipes were horizontal and the soot would collect and catch on fire. One time she called the fire department and it didn't come at all. The next time she called they arrived with four fire engines.

"I couldn't even get any sympathy out of anyone," said Gene with a laugh. "I'd come on the set with circles down to my chin and my nerves twitching like Mexican jumping beans, and I'd tell the director, 'I've got so many troubles I can't keep my mind on my work—if I just had some water for a hot bath!' You know what those heartless creatures on the set would say to me? They'd say so-and-so's Frigidaire cracked up last night, so-and-so's car broke down, so-and-so's servants walked out, etc., etc. So finally I just accepted the fact that everybody has troubles these days and there's no point in crying about it. A few days later the rains came and the roof leaked and no one would come and repair it—so I just sat up all night emptying dishpans and that beautiful silver punchbowl someone gave us for a wedding present.

"Remember how lovely the mountain-side and the gardens were two years ago? Well, you should see them now. I haven't a gardener, naturally. And the place looks like an over-run jungle. Century plants have just about taken over the entire place."

Just as soon as it began to get dark nurse would lock herself and the baby in the nursery, the cook would scurry home, and Gene would be left to her imagination. "I couldn't sleep at night," she said pathetically. "I kept hearing prowlers. Every time I'd read a newspaper I'd read about somebody being robbed and murdered, and I was sure it would be my time next. As soon as I got in bed I started hearing peculiar noises, even when I pulled the covers over my head I heard them. So I'd get up, turn the lights on all over the house, and go to the windows and proclaim in my most dramatic tones, 'If anyone comes near this house I'll shoot to kill.' I didn't have a gun, of course. One night I was positive I heard a burglar in the kitchen. I called the police department but they said I wasn't in their district. I tried several others and finally found a policeman who said yes, he'd come over. Two hours later when he arrived (he'd gotten lost on the way) I was sitting in the middle of the living room, stiff as a corpse, but clutching a butcher knife. The next day I bought a gun. I think I aged twenty years in those few weeks before I finally found a night watchman.

Fortunately for Gene's peace of mind, and Twentieth Century's picture, Gene has happily turned over the responsibility of the butcher knife and the gun to the watchman. In fact, things are running much better all around now. Except that she looked out of the window one morning last week and couldn't even see the century plants. "What a foggy day," she said to herself. But when she stepped outside she discovered that the fog was steam—which was escaping from the hot water heater. Yes, the Cassinis will have to have a new hot water heater. Even as you and I.



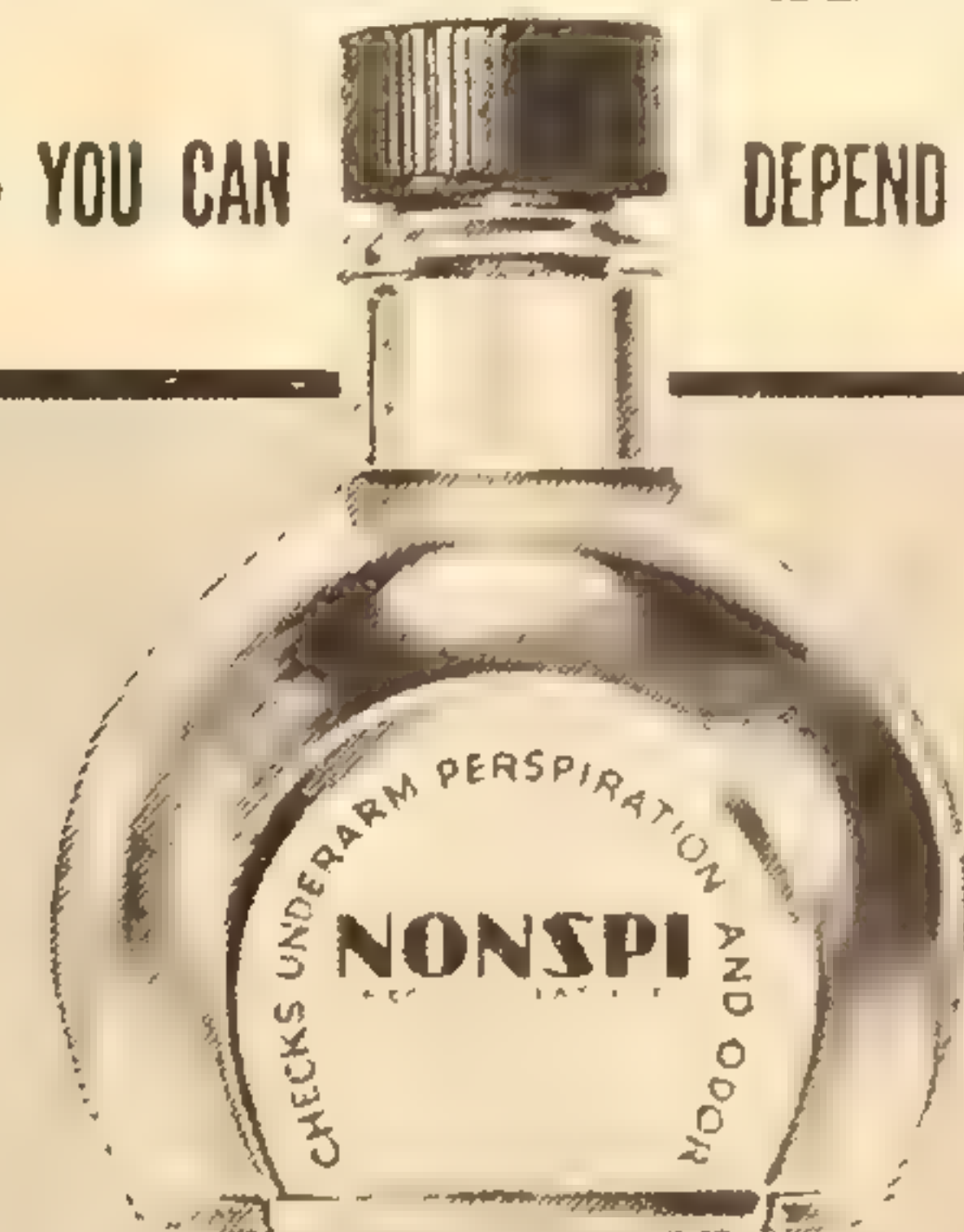
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Continued from page 28

never wrote fan letters, but I did write asking for photographs, dutifully enclosing my quarter. I still have these treasures, among them Bette Davis, Margaret Sullivan, Cary Grant, Anita Louise, Ronald Colman, and many others. And I've never changed my allegiance."

Andrea was born in Paris. Her mother had gone to France during World War I to become an ambulance driver. There she met and married a young French flying officer, George Andrea Barry, of the famous Lafayette Escadrille. The husband was killed in action just as the Armistice was signed and the young wife returned to her home in America with her four-month-old baby. Later, she married Douglas McKee, vice-president of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, and Andrea has a half sister to whom she is devoted.

The desire to become an actress must have come with her first breath for Andrea can't remember when this wasn't her dream. She made her entrance to the theater via amateur productions staged at the Edgewood School in Greenwich, Connecticut. By the time she had played Shakespeare's *Juliet*, she yearned to tackle Broadway, so she had a barber give her a boy's haircut and secured the rôle of the tomboy in the play, "Growing Pains."

More stage hits, including "Fly Away Home," "Boy Meets Girl," "Girls In Uniform," "The Lonely Heart," proved training for the Chicago company's "Life With Father," with which she remained throughout its two and a half years' run.

Soon after going to Chicago, her mother wrote to an old friend, asking that she look out for her daughter, and not let her get too lonely. And it was under the wing of this friend that Andrea met a most eligible young bachelor at the Saddle and Cycle Club. He was Nat. H. Willis, just out of Yale, and in his own

law office. It wasn't love at first sight—not exactly, but she hastens to add that three months later they were married. Then, within a short time, the Navy claimed him and Lieut. (j.g.) Willis was sent to the Pacific front on duty.

It was this, rather than the call of the movies, that prompted Andrea to come to Hollywood when she did for she wanted to be as near to him as possible. *Today*—the very day of our interview, she was bubbling with joy for she was taking the night train to San Francisco to meet her husband, who is returning after twenty-two months in the South Pacific.

She was keeping her fingers crossed, hoping he would be stationed near here for a while. Already, she has established a home a-top a Hollywood hill so they may enjoy a real domestic experience during his leave.

Everything about Andrea is out of the ordinary. Her crashing the movies is an example. When she and her sister Ann arrived in Hollywood, she had no friends, no contract, no offers for screen tests. Her one acquaintance, and that was slight, was Mike Romanoff, the "royalist" and restaurateur. His place in Beverly Hills is glamorous and attracts the seekers of glamor, so the second day after their arrival, the two girls pooled their resources and went there for luncheon.

Now it happened that producer Jerry Wald of Warner Brothers studio was also lunching at Romanoff's that day. Naturally, the eyes of producers are observing and Mr. Wald instantly spotted Andrea, and her resemblance to Ida Lupino, whom he had chosen to star in his next picture, "The Very Thought Of You." Here, thought Mr. Wald, is just the girl to portray Ida's sister.

He sent a note to her by the waiter. By the end of the week she was at Warner's studio being screen tested, and the



Andrea King and Helmut Dantine snapped together on recent personal appearance tour.

next day was signed for the rôle of *Molly*. As it turned out, Miss Lupino was tied up with another film and couldn't play the starring part, but Andrea was retained in the cast. So, just like that, she started a new career. Incidentally, she recalls, she was eating lamb kidneys with garlic when she was "discovered" for the screen.

"Ida Lupino has long been one of my idols," she explained, "and I'm flattered when people say I look like her. One of my biggest thrills was the night we went to a nearby town to preview 'Hotel Berlin.' Sitting next to me were Ida and Helmut Dantine—he's the one who did the neat job of killing me in that picture, you remember.

"I was nervous, of course, as it was the first time I had been to a preview. Can't you imagine the queer feeling it gave me to see myself on the screen, with both of them sitting beside me? My long adoration of Miss Lupino was one item. Another was the vivid memory of the tenseness of our scenes when Mr. Dantine and I were filming them. It made the present seem so unreal—a different world entirely."

I happen to know that a week later, when "Hotel Berlin" was shown at the Jack Warner home before a group of friends, Mervyn LeRoy, star-making producer, wanted to buy Andrea's contract. He beheld in her all the star qualities. Needless to add, Mr. Warner turned the offer down—flat. He has important plans for Andrea himself.

She is one of the few "ingénue-character" actresses. This promises much. A young player who can interpret a wide range of characters, giving them reality and power, is valuable. Usually it requires years of experience to attain this height; Andrea has it at twenty-five. This broad understanding of emotions and their reactions is a natural gift with her, which she has persistently cultivated.

She believes much of this ability comes through her mother who appeared with Elsie Janis' entertainment group in France during the first World War. She'll proudly tell you, "Mother can sing, dance, play many instruments, and is an all-around entertainer. I've been fortunate to have her experiences to add to my own."

Andrea had the unusual honor of having grips and technicians applaud her. This came at the close of her big scene with Dantine in "Hotel Berlin" as she pleaded for her life. When it was finished, there was an instant of silence, then everyone on the set broke out in applause.

Another rare moment was during her first test. Everything had been planned, with a sketched diagram to show where she was to stand, which way to move, etc. When the camera began turning, the intensity of her emotions gripped her, she forgot the directions, and moved the wrong way. But the cameraman and technicians, also absorbed by the realism she was giving her scene, turned right along with her until the end. Usually, the harsh cry of "Cut!" brings such a mistake to an abrupt and embarrassing finish.

"Everything has been wonderful for me since coming to Hollywood," Andrea



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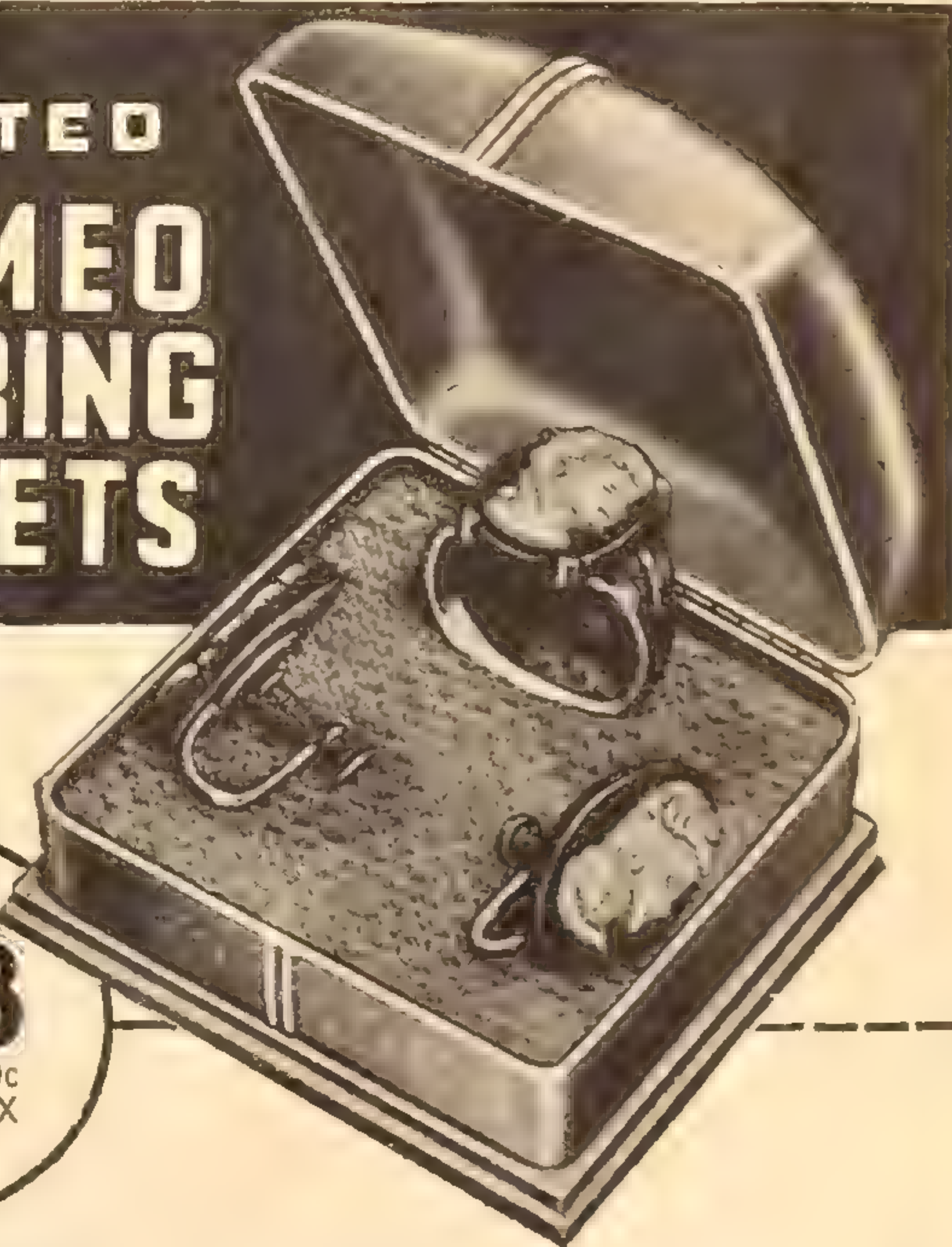
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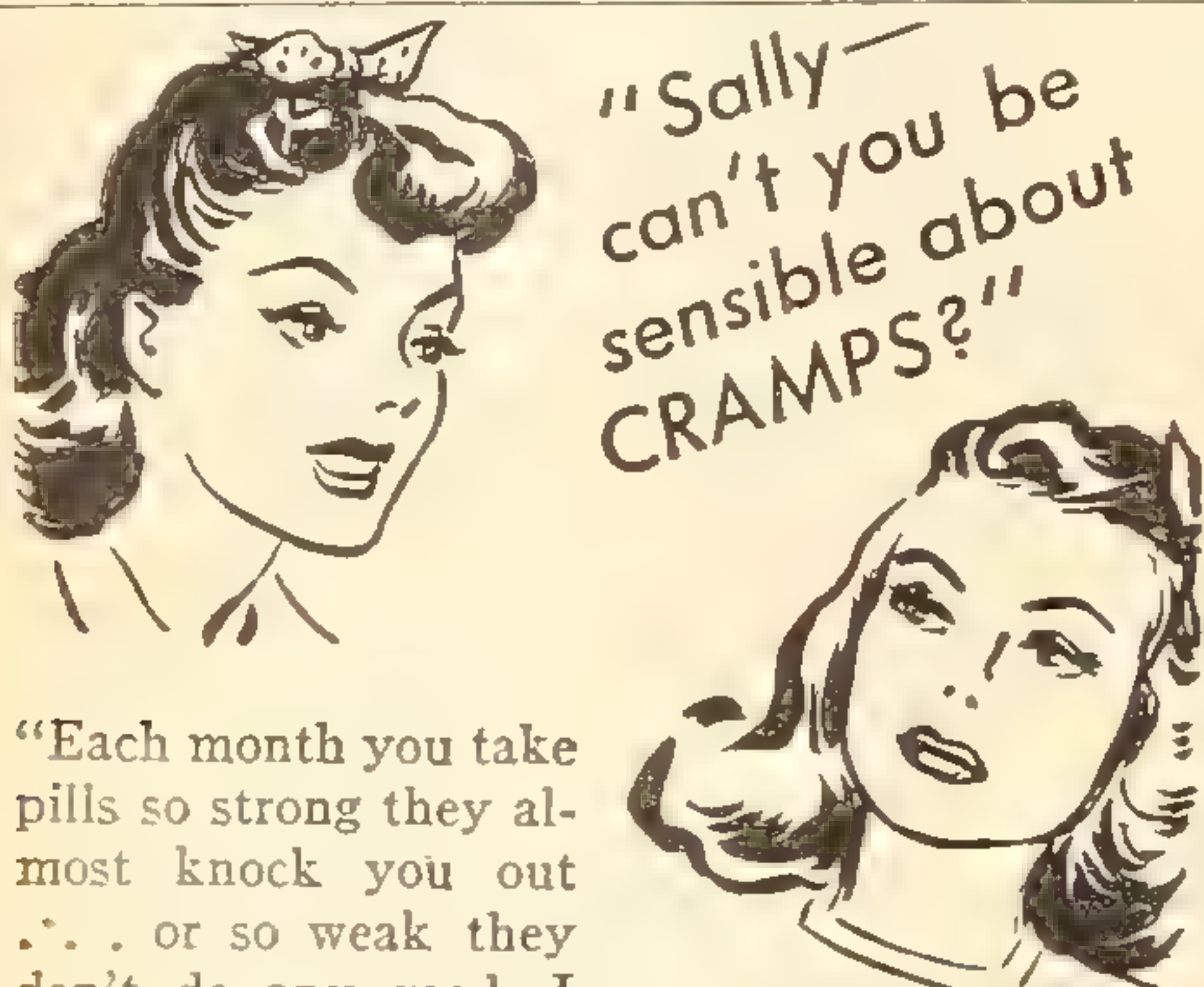
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happily explained. "I had a lucky break and appreciate it. There is little difference in acting for the screen and for the theater. I find that artistically it is the same, and also, it is the same in the integrity of the actor's work. It is daunting to me to think of the screen's influence, of how many millions view our pictures. What a power it will be in establishing world peace! If we of the films can help in this tremendous undertaking, how happy we will be.

"My father gave his all. My mother shared his sacrifice, as well, aiding the boys 'over there' to keep up their morale. My husband has been in service in danger zones, so I hope to be of some service, too."

Feminine in her tastes, Andrea loves colors but they must never clash. She loves perfumes and at present her favorite is Chanel's Russian Leather, which she admits is usually considered more masculine than feminine, though she can't see why.

She's five feet five, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Being emotional, she's either up in the clouds or in the depths. She's friendly and likes people, but having resources within herself she doesn't depend on others for all her pleasures. She loves to be alone—feels this escape is necessary to keep one's balance, offering the chance to read and think. To enjoy music—and dream!

She wishes actors could have the inspiration of the magnificent musical scores that accompany the finished pictures. Feels this would speed up and deepen emotions far beyond their present expression. She has a large collection of records which she prizes so highly that she has them amply insured.

Hasn't much idea about business and can't keep track of her money. She employs a manager who tries to keep her on a budget, but her allowance slips through her fingers during the first few days; she simply can't hang on to it. Loves the big open markets with the tempting display of fruits and vegetables, and always

goes home loaded down. Favorite sports are swimming, tennis and skiing.

Ten years from now? Well, her goal is to be a seasoned actress by that time. She has a philosophy which she adheres to, which is simply this: Don't worry. Tomorrow is another day. Meet problems as they come, don't reach out for them. You can always find something to worry about—if you look for it!

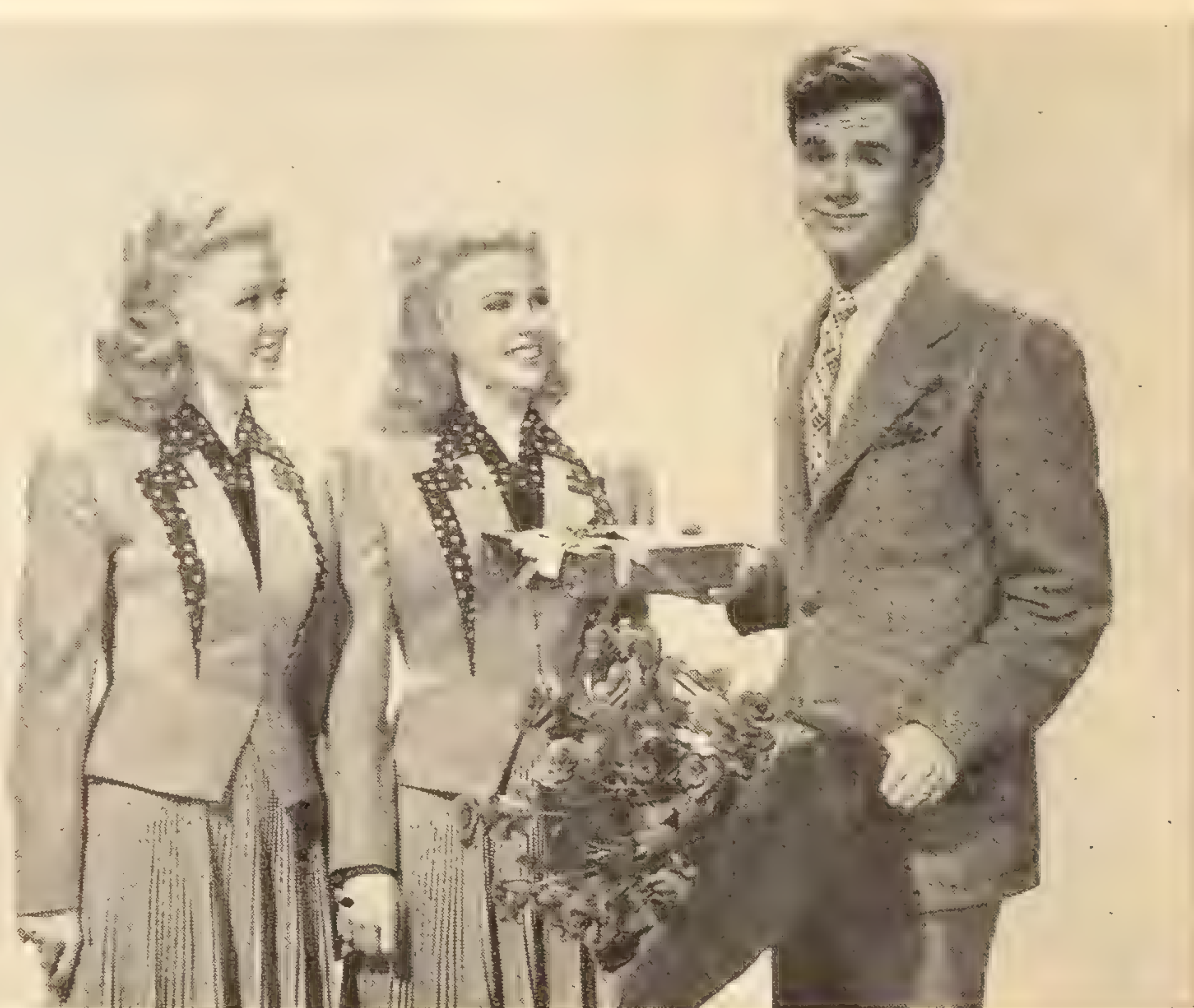
Andrea doesn't care for large parties, prefers small groups of congenial friends. Isn't easily bored, but chattering women who go into detail and keep repeating themselves get her down. She names Oscar Serlin, producer of "Life With Father," and Sheppard Traube, producer of "Angel Street," as the two who have given her the greatest inspiration in her career.

She believes the theater offers more opportunity for friendship than the screen. You join a stage company and after a few weeks of sharing various experiences, the entire cast are friends. On the screen you may not meet some of the players in your picture as their scenes are frequently made separately, and when the film is completed, each goes his own way and you may never meet them again.

Andrea says one of the best friends she's made in Hollywood is her hairdresser, a girl with whom she works from morning until night for weeks at a time. She can turn to her in any mood and find understanding.

She adores sailing and all kinds of boats. So does her husband, and one can imagine that some day, after the war, they'll sail the Seven Seas. She once seriously considered finding a houseboat to launch in the bay at Santa Monica and living there, instead of battling the house situation. However, when her mother joined her and sister Ann, they found an adorable home in Hollywood. But she still dreams of a houseboat—some day.

Her next picture is "The Hasty Heart" and she'll have three screen idols with her, Dane Clark, John Dall and Dennis Morgan.



Marshall Thompson in MGM's "Twice Blessed" is twice confused by Wilde Twins, Lee and Lyn.

Fathers By Adoption

Continued from page 23

and Lou will establish similar centers in hundreds of small towns throughout the country. For they feel that the small towns as well as the large cities need recreational facilities for underprivileged youngsters.

"These play centers," Lou told me, "will be run just like Father Flanagan's Boys' Town, with boy mayors and chiefs of police chosen from and by the boys. If a boy misbehaves, his own boy mayor will decide what his punishment will be. Children might resent an adult who tried to tell them how to behave. They might not listen to me if I threatened them with expulsion from a boys' club. To be expelled by an adult might just leave them resentful and defiant. But if their own friends and playmates, their self-chosen officers warned them that their behavior wasn't right, they might turn over a new leaf."

Along with this plan for fighting juvenile delinquency, Bud and Lou have another plan for fighting rheumatic fever. Lou and Bud hope to use the boys' club in various playgrounds throughout the country as a crusading children's army against this disease. The dream of fighting rheumatic fever in this country was born when Lou himself was ill and learned through bitter experience what pain and heartbreak it brings in its trail.

As a rule, rheumatic fever strikes at children, and at first Lou couldn't understand why he, a grown-up, had been stricken with a children's disease. Lou is a very devout person and believes that nothing on this earth happens unless it be part of God's plan. Then, while Lou was still ill, letters began to pour in from underprivileged children who had been stricken with rheumatic fever, and from their parents. These people, instead of lamenting their own misfortunes, wrote Lou how badly they felt because he, of all people, should have become ill, when the world needed so badly the laughter he brings to all of us. And they said they were praying for his recovery.

Lou was very much touched by the letters. He knew how terrible it was for these youngsters to have to lie in bed for months. He had rebelled against the long rest the illness made necessary, even though he had every convenience at his disposal. A terrible picture came to his mind, of a kid lying in a narrow room, with a small window looking out into an alleyway. Such a kid, Lou knew, would beg his mother to let him get out of bed, and play with other kids. And the mother, looking at the youngster, might be tempted, not knowing how dangerous it would be to let the child out-of-doors before the doctor thought it wise. "Children," Lou told me, "need a period of supervised convalescence with a skilled doctor telling them just when they can get up."

It came to Lou that perhaps God had sent this illness on him so as to inspire him with the desire to build a Rheumatic Fever Foundation for underprivileged

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kids. And Bud and Lou decided that when Lou was better, they would bend their efforts to helping every kid they could who was stricken and whose parents couldn't afford the help they needed.

Lou told me, "When I see the first foundation for rheumatic fever for underprivileged kids go up, then I can die happy. It's a terrific undertaking, as I've found out. But there's a pledge I made to the little guy we had. Sometimes I think he was taken for that reason—because the Man Upstairs sort of wanted me to go at this thing with lots of fight and not in a lazy sort of way.

"I hope that when these boys' clubs that Bud and I are starting get under way, they'll be a great help to us in fighting rheumatic fever, too. There's an old saying that you must fight fire with fire. So I think that maybe the way to fight a children's disease is with children.

"It's so hard for a child to remain in bed for as long as he has to. He wants to go outside and play. But if a group of children come to his home and talk and laugh with him, then the waiting won't be so tedious. Then, too, when the children who are ill become well enough to be moved to a better climate, there will be boys' clubs established by Bud and myself in that new town. And those boys' clubs, we hope, will take an interest in the newcomer and make him feel right at home."

Kids who have nothing to do with their time are apt to get into trouble, as we all know. But the thousands of "adopted" youngsters under the Abbott and Costello wing will be kept so busy with sports and outdoor fun and with helping their less lucky playmates who are ill, that they won't have the time or inclination to get into trouble.

Though the Rheumatic Fever Foundation hasn't gone up yet, Bud and Lou are already well started on the road toward helping stricken children. There was a two-and-a-half-year-old girl living in Passaic, New Jersey, for instance.

She had been stricken with rheumatic fever, and her family doctor had given up her case as hopeless. Knowing of Lou's interest in such cases, the child's mother appealed to Lou to help her, if he could. Lou at once wired a doctor he knew in Paterson, New Jersey, asking him to do everything he could for the little girl. He instructed him to bring in the finest specialists he could find in New York or elsewhere to do everything possible to save the child's life. He told the doctor to spare no expense—he, Lou, would take care of everything.

I saw the wire which the little girl's parents had sent to Lou. It read: "Words cannot express how deeply we are indebted to you for the help you have given us in getting a specialist for our baby. God bless you and keep you in good health. We are very grateful parents."

Whenever Bud and Lou hear of any child who needs their help, they're quick to volunteer it. Not long ago, when the doctors decreed that a four-year-old boy in Prescott, Arizona, would never live to see Christmas, Bud and Lou heard about it and decided to see to it that the boy had a wonderful Christmas in November. They showered the boy with gifts.

They want to see underprivileged youngsters get some of the same things which luckier kids get. All boys, according to Abbott and Costello, should have a chance to indulge in sports. They believe that those sports not only make for healthier bodies, but also for healthier minds. And it's through sports, they feel, that American children learn the principles of honesty and fair play.

You can tell a great deal about Bud's and Lou's ideas on bringing up children from the way in which Lou brings up his own children and Bud brings up Bud, Jr., his adopted son.

Patty Costello isn't a tomboy, but she has set her heart on playing football. And since that's what she wants, Lou is buying her a football. Both his daugh-



Set etiquette: Mona Freeman learns not to be late for shooting of "Junior Miss."



Mona's fancy footwork doesn't help much on those obstinate candy vending machines.

ters go horseback riding and swimming, and are soon going to learn to ice skate. Like any two normal youngsters, they constantly get into mischief. This is particularly true of Carole, whose childish imagination is always leading her into pranks. Once Lou came into the garage and found all the cars there painted white. "For heaven's sake," he asked Carole, "what made you paint them white?" "I wanted to see how they'd look that way," answered Carole.

Another time she sandpapered Lou's pool table—a very fine table which was always gleaming and shining till Carole got through with it.

Patty doesn't get into trouble as often as Carole, but whenever Carole misbehaves and her mother threatens to spank her "biscuits," Patty tries to take the blame and begs to be spanked instead of Carole. However, Patty is no angel, and when she was five years old, she got into just as much mischief as Carole.

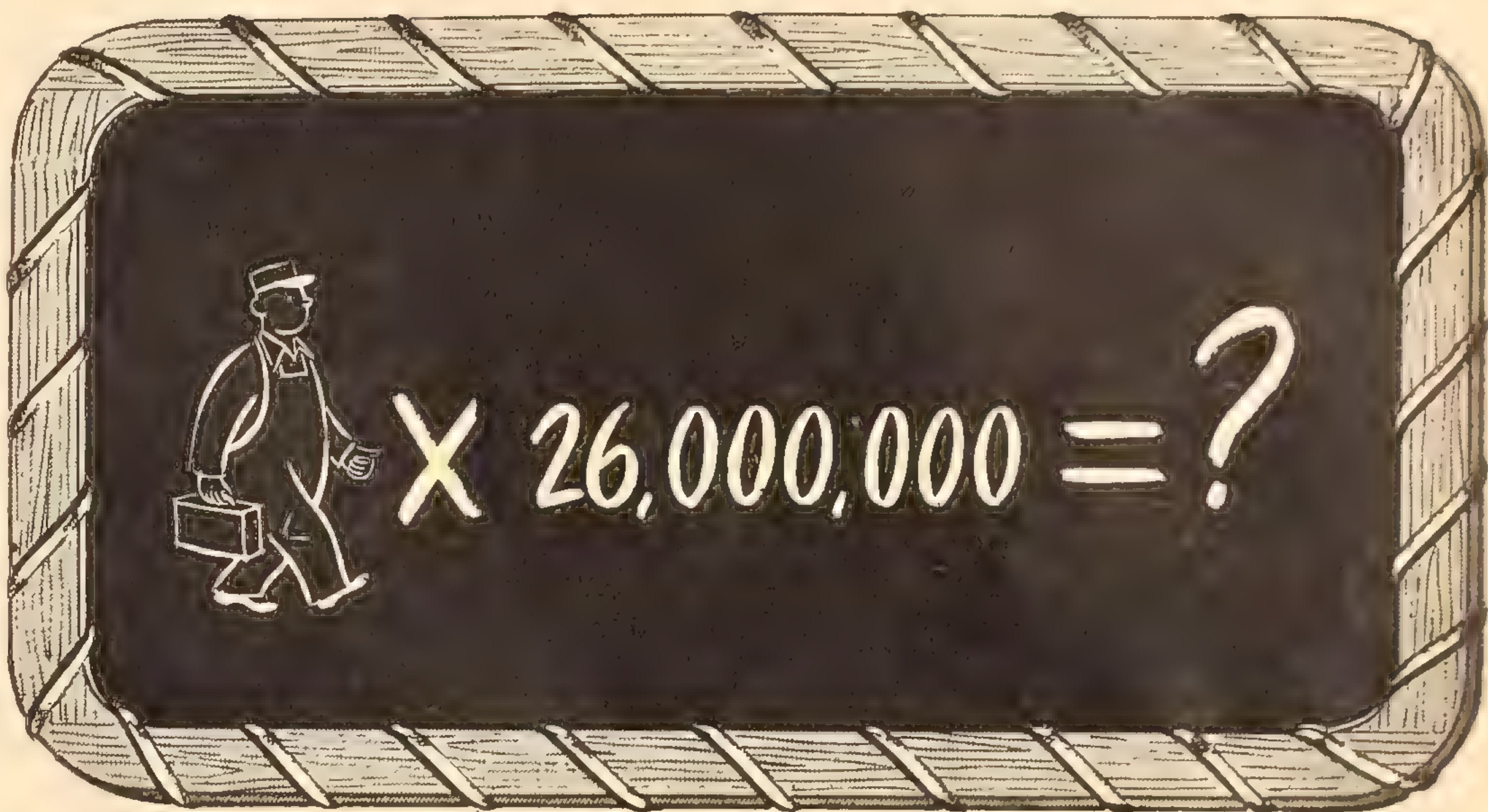
Lou has a wonderful time with both youngsters. No matter how late he gets to bed the night before, he's always up early the next morning, so he can have breakfast with his two daughters. Carole loves to play tricks on him, and Lou always pretends to fall for them. Sometimes he's sitting at the table when he can feel something nudging his legs. Through the corner of his eye he has seen Carole crawl under the table. But he knows that she wants him to think it's their dog, Blackie, under the table. So he pretends that's what he thinks. "Keep Blackie on the outside. Don't bring him to the table any more, darling," he tells his wife. And she falls in with the gag. From underneath the table they can hear the sound of suppressed giggling. "Come out of there, Blackie," Lou calls. And of course, it's Carole who finally emerges, triumphantly happy about the trick she's played on her father.

When the youngsters grow up, if they want to be in show business, that'll be okay with Lou. "I want them to be whatever they want to be," he says. "I



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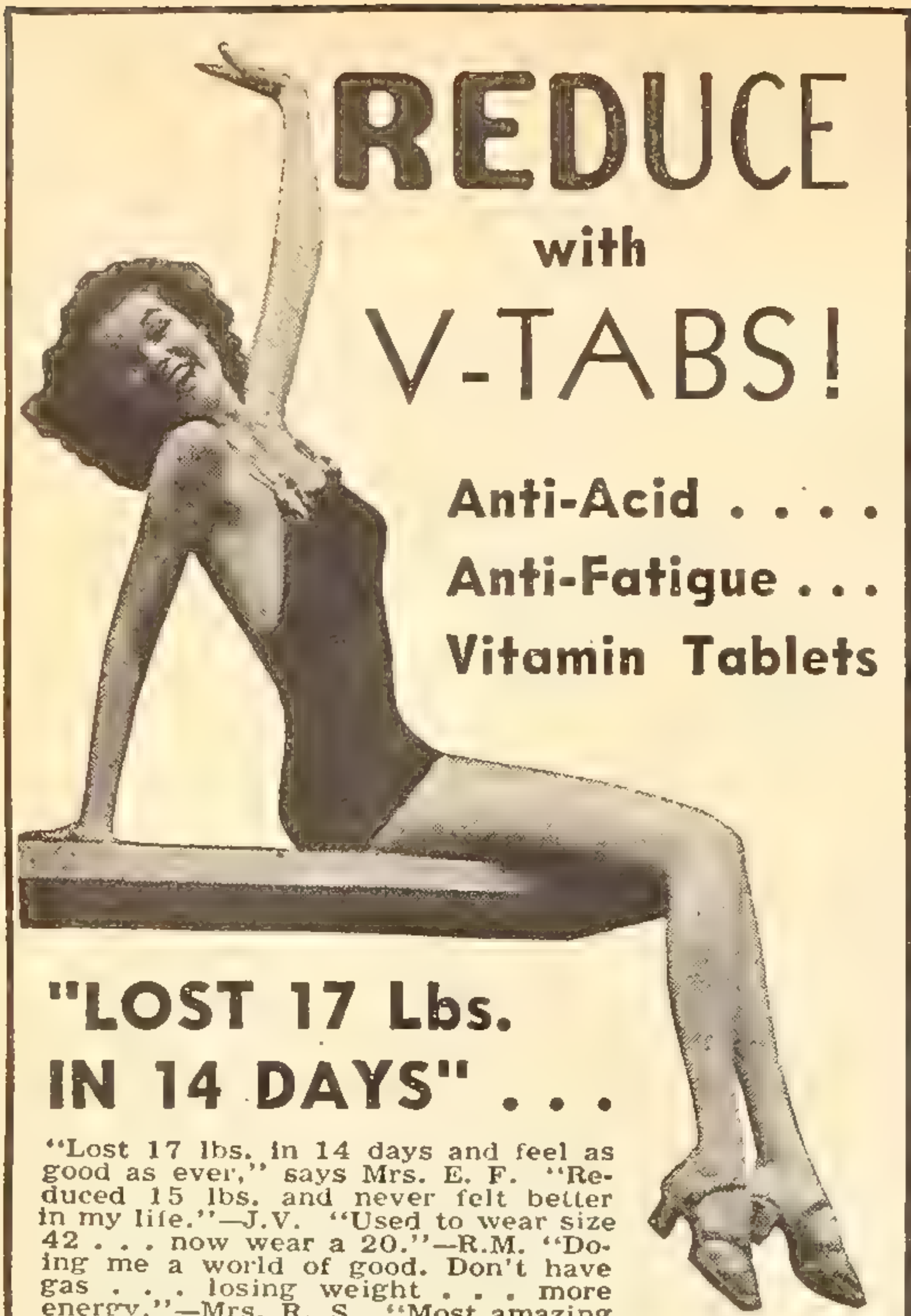
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think Carole will be the actress in the family. She's a real actress right now. She loves to sing and to give little dramatic performances and singing performances at home. She and Pat will arrange a group of chairs in a row and then Carole will go into her song and dance. 'This is the Tomato Sisters bringing you the evening's entertainment,' she'll announce to the empty chairs, and then she'll begin to improvise a musical comedy, right on the spot."

Carole loves to have her picture taken. Patty isn't so keen about it. She'll pose for an occasional picture to oblige me, but she doesn't love to have pictures taken, as Carole does.

"Even when she was very sick just after an operation, Carole thought more about singing than about the operation. Ten minutes after it was over, Carole called me up and started to sing. Ann, my wife, got on the phone and said, 'That was Carole.' I began to worry, wondering if Carole was delirious. My wife explained, 'Oh, no, she's just imitating Deanna Durbin.' 'Are you all right?' I asked Carole. 'How do you feel?' 'I feel fine,' she said, then began singing again. Then she said, 'Mother, am I hitting a nice note?'

"When we had difficulty getting her to drink her orange juice, I persuaded her to drink quarts of the stuff by telling her that when Deanna was in the hospital, she drank orange juice and it was the orange juice which gave her such a fine voice.

"Just drink some orange juice—then try to hit a high note,' I suggested, 'and you'll see how clear it sounds.' So Carole tried it, and I raved about how wonderful it sounded. 'Yes, dad,' she said, 'I think my tone does sound better now.' And from that time on, the nurses couldn't give her enough orange juice!

"Patty is the scholar in the family. When she first started to attend school, the Sisters were astonished to find she could already read. They told Mrs. Costello and myself about it and wondered who had taught Patty to read when she was so young. 'I don't know,' I had to admit. 'She must have learned from the stories I read to the kids.'"

Both children are fond of the movies—particularly when Johnny Mack Brown, Deanna Durbin, Tex Ritter and Peggy Ryan are on the screen.

"And put Abbott and Costello on that list," Patty ordered me. "We loved their last picture, 'Here Come The Co-Eds.'"

"Put Abbott and Costello on my list, too," chimed in Carole, who echoes everything Patty says.

"What about their other pictures? Did you like those too?" I asked Patty.

"Oh, no," she said, "they were just—" she sought about in her mind for a word, and not finding the right one, made one up, "muffs."

Lou, who was sitting nearby listening, chuckled. Bud and Lou are their own severest critics, and therefore are always willing to accept criticism. But they're hoping their new picture, "The Naughty Nineties," will meet with the approval of even those two stern critics—Patty and Carole.

The Costellos have their own private projection room, and the largest film

library in the country. Here the children are permitted to view pictures chosen for them by their parents. Given a choice as to what pictures they want to see, they usually call for a Johnny Mack Brown Western or a Durbin picture. Recently, however, they have requested "Frankenstein." So far, Lou has turned them down on this. After all, he doesn't want his youngsters to have nightmares!

Bud Abbott also has a private projection room where he shows carefully selected pictures to his five year old adopted son, Buddy Abbott, Jr. Bud, Jr., likes Mickey Mouse and Abbott and Costello best.

The Abbotts adopted him after twenty-five years of childlessness. Always Bud and Mrs. Abbott had wanted children, but the stork failed to bring any. At first Bud was afraid that he wouldn't love an adopted child as much as most parents love their own. He was also afraid that an adopted child might not take to him. When he heard parents by adoption talk about how much they loved their children, he found it hard to believe. But the time came when the Abbotts had to assuage their hunger for a child. They were in a position to give a child the best of care. They soon discovered that you have to go through quite a lot of formalities in the ordinary child adoption. But finally they got a break.

When Bud and Lou went on a bond tour, they spent a month with a Treasury representative, with whom they became quite friendly. He knew of Abbott's great desire to adopt a child. One day he asked, "Bud, do you still want to adopt a child?" "You bet," said Bud. The Treasury representative then explained that his niece had died; and that if Bud wished to adopt his niece's son, he would do everything he could to make it possible. The moment he saw him, Bud was enchanted with the youngster. The boy had blond hair and blue eyes just like Bud's. In fact, if you didn't know he was adopted, at your first sight of the boy you'd swear he was Bud's own flesh and blood.

The baby was two and a half years old when he was taken into the Abbott home. At first Bud couldn't get used to Junior's baby talk. It seemed like a strange new language to him, and he wondered if the kid was putting on an act. "Gradually, however," he told me, "I got hep to the fact that baby talk was natural for him. Now I spout more baby talk than he does. I'll talk Pig Latin to him for several minutes and when he asks what it means, I'll say, 'That's what you used to give me. Don't you understand your own lingo?'

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for the kid," Bud told me. "And I'm so happy about having him that I want to adopt a little girl about three years old to play on these grounds with him." (We were talking at the Hi Neighbor Ranch, which is what Bud calls his home in Encino.) "Maybe later on we'll adopt still more children."

The coming of the boy into their home has changed the Abbotts' lives tremendously. Formerly, they used to like a bit of café life and they spent a good deal of time visiting friends, going to

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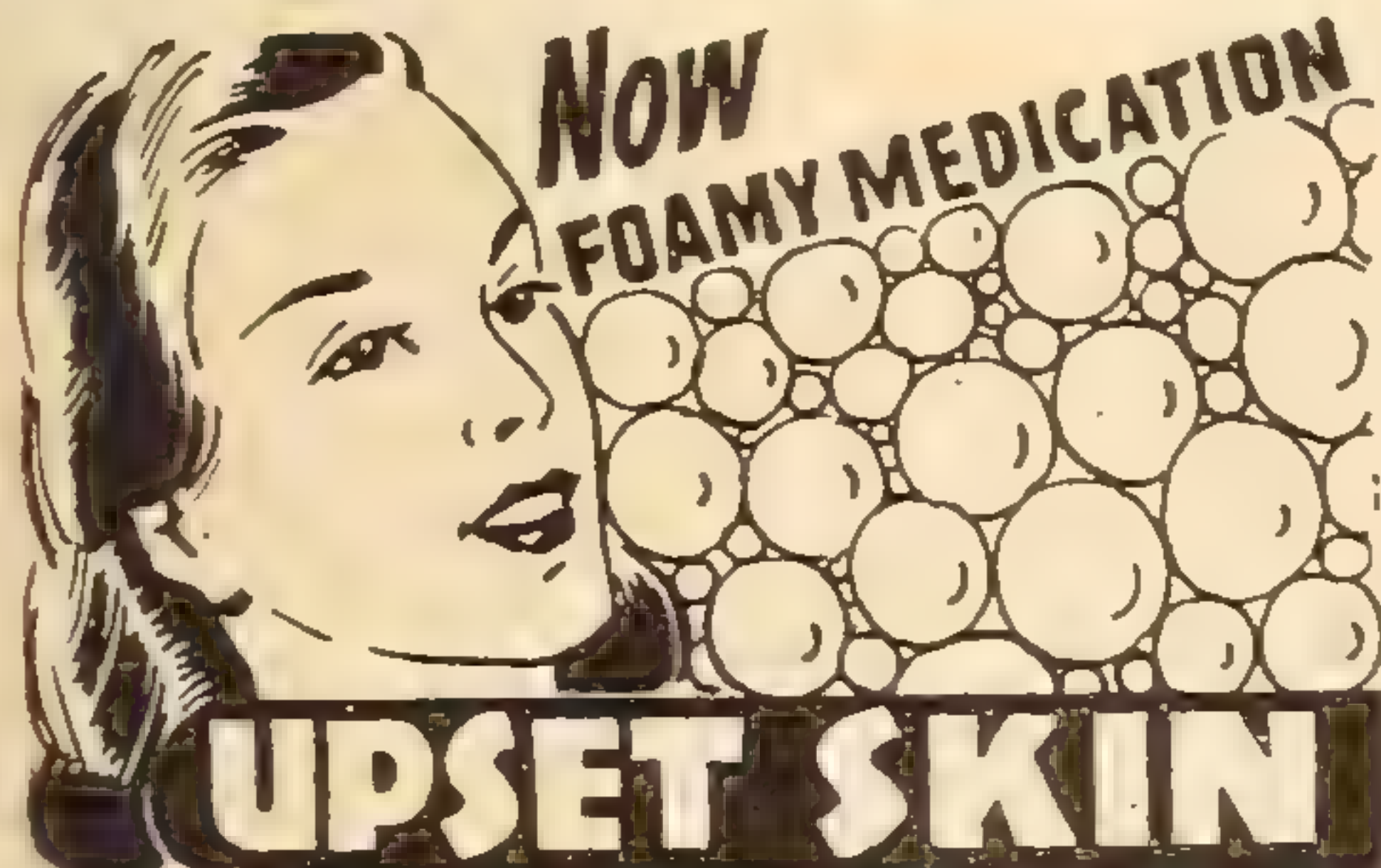
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parties and to night clubs. But in the past year the Abbotts haven't set foot in a single night club or a barroom. They're at home all the time.

"I never dreamed," Bud told me, "that I could be so contented, spending all my free time at home. Mrs. Abbott and I buy all sorts of jigsaw puzzles and comic books and toys for the kid—but I must confess we get even more enjoyment out of them than he does." Bud chuckled. "I'll read *Donald Duck* comic to Bud, Jr., then read *Purple Circle* and *Superman* to myself. As for the kid's electric train, well, you know all those gags about fathers who enjoy their sons' electric trains. They're true."

So far Bud, Jr., has no idea that he's adopted. He doesn't remember the first two years of his life, but assumes that Bud and Betty Abbott are his father and mother. When he gets older they'll tell him the truth, for they realize it will be better for him to hear it from them than from the outside world.

Bud is planning the kid's life as carefully as if Bud, Jr., were his own flesh and blood. "I'm going to send him to Yale if Yale will take him and Bud wants to go," he told me solemnly. "I want him to have the finest education any kid ever had—not that I think a college education is necessarily the best thing for a kid. My brother and I never got as far as high school. But my brother could converse with the best brains in the country. He was so human, so grand and so wonderful that when Lou lost his only son, no one could comfort him except my brother. My brother knew just what to say to him."

"I believe in boys getting some of the hard knocks in life. I think it does them good. At first we sent Bud, Jr., to a private school but I felt that it was the wrong thing for him. There is too much supervision in a school of that type and a boy is a little too sheltered. So I took him out of that private school and put him in a public school. There he gets contacts with all kinds of children, and through those contacts will learn how to get along with all kinds. I want him to rough it a bit."

"I think the greatest kids in the country are those who do have to rough it. Have you ever watched the newspaper kids peddling their papers on the corners? Watch out for those kids. They're going to be great. One of them will probably be President of the United States some day. It's from boys like that the great men of the nation come."

When a man has been as wise in raising his own children as Lou has or as wise in raising an adopted child as Bud, we can all be grateful for the fact that thousands of children are going to have the privilege of considering Bud and Lou as their parents by "adoption." For in the play centers which are going to be built under their supervision and with their money, will play the children of the nation on whom the future destiny of our country rests.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we go to press the board of directors of Abbott and Costello Youth Foundation voted to rename the organization The Lou Costello, Jr. Foundation, as a memorial to Lou's son.



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Have You a "Clothes Personality?"

Continued from page 35

had to gear myself to Miss Hepburn's tempo, for Katharine is not interested in her personal wardrobe. Katharine loves an argument. For instance, if I say a skirt is too short, she will say it is too long. If I say it is too long, she will insist it is too short. Either way, and regardless of time, she will lock horns with me and battle it out. A fair mind, in fact, one of the most brilliant minds I have ever met, in the fitting room or out of it, Katharine will always admit she is wrong, if it is proven to her satisfaction that she is. We became good friends, probably because I, too, will acknowledge a mistake when I make one. As, on more than one occasion, I did. For as indifferent as Katharine is about her personal wardrobe she knows, instinctively and unerringly, how she should look for the mood of a scene. And no one can convince her against her instincts. And no one should try. As I learned when, after one of our most violent arguments about the type of dress she should wear in a certain sequence, she bore me off to see the day's rushes—and she was right and I was wrong!

"Being this sort of a person, a 'Hepburn dress' always, like Hepburn herself, moves well. It is never, except for being belted snugly at the waist, a tight job. The skirt is free. The sleeves are loose. The lines are classic. No drapes. No frills. Few, if any, accessories. Nothing to 'bother.' And how right this changelessness in clothes can be, especially for screen stars, was proven to me when, recently, I saw a re-issue of the ten year old picture, 'Stage Door,' in which all the girls, except Hepburn, looked downright comical. Hepburn looked just right. Hepburn looked just as she does now. So much a part of her personality is her

way of dressing that it doesn't change from year to year; is, forever, of the moment.

"By way of contrast, Lana Turner just worships clothes. She once told me, 'I'd simply love to have a new dress and a new hair-do every time I go out!' She was pretty sick about wearing all those uniforms in her last picture and keeps hoping for a part in which, 'You and I, Irene,' she said, 'can really go to town!'

"If she is specially enthused about a dress I am doing for her, she will revolve in front of the mirrors, repeating over and over, in a crooning voice, 'It's so lovely, Irene, sooooo lovely!! And no matter what we are making for her,' Irene laughed, "whether an evening dress, evening coat, street suit, cocktail dress, she always wants to wear it out, then and there, that very evening. When I venture to suggest that we are making the clothes for a picture and not for a date, she'll say, plaintively, 'But I need it for tonight, Irene, I really need it.'

"Lana loves low necklines—and she should, her neck and shoulders are so lovely. She likes evening dresses that startle a bit. And she should. She wears them startlingly. On the other hand, no one looks as well in a suit.

"Except when fittings are in the early morning, Lana is sheer excitement to work with. In the mornings, she is usually sleepy, has a hard time keeping her eyes open, 'pins' them open with thumb and forefinger, and is very cute. Odd that Lana, who lives and loves life more than any girl I know, also loves to sleep.

"A 'Turner dress' is an exciting dress. Daring. And extreme. It fits her beautiful body like a French glove on a shapely hand. And is apt to be all white, or all black, in both of which



Michael Kirby introduces his real bride, Nora McCarthy, to his screen bride in "Weekend At The Waldorf," Cora Sue Collins. The child star is now eighteen years old.

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Lana is divine, or one of the vivid or navy blues she loves.

"A 'Garson dress' is a gracious dress. For Garson's greatest charm is her graciousness. Because of that red hair and white skin, I like her best in black. But because the glorious red hair is natural, she can also wear the violent colors, reds, Kelly green, purples, tangerine; without the brash, hard look synthetic red-heads sometimes have when they venture into strong colors.

"Poor Greer," Irene said, sympathetically, "she came in here not long ago and cried about doing costumes pictures, and nothing else but—I told her I was going to get up and scream, too, if she doesn't have a picture in which she can wear modern clothes, soon. Not suits. Greer has a curved figure, a very curved figure, which is not for suits. Nor prints. Nothing patterned. Nor a doggone thing by way of jewelry or accessories. Nor dirndls. (I think it's time for *them* to go, too!) Nor, of course, slacks. Which she doesn't have to be told, being too womanly and too wise to want them. But simple lines, definitely simple, yes. And done in black. Or in the daring colors. If ever I have the opportunity, I am going to make Greer Garson the best black cocktail dress any girl ever put on her back. And if ever I do a modern picture for Greer, I hope, I *pray* it will be in Technicolor, for the simple things I'd have to do for her need color.

"Except for her constant fear that things make her 'look fat,' Greer is charming to work with, easy to work with—and great fun. She chitter-chatters all through a fitting and, according to the type of thing she is being pinned into, gives us impromptu imitations—if, for instance, we are fitting a 'poor girl's dress,' topped with a tam o' shanter, she'll bounce about the place, talking with a Cockney accent. On the other hand, she takes her clothes, as she takes everything she does, from training Cliquot and Go-Go, her white poodles, to research for a 'Madame Curie,' seriously. Very seriously. For example, whereas other girls will call me, usually at the last minute, and say, 'What gown do I wear for such and such a scene. Irene?' Greer *knows* what gown she will wear, and has known for days or weeks. For she has planned and considered, made up her mind and changed it half a dozen times before she can feel certain she has made the right decision. When we were doing her clothes for 'The Valley Of Decision,' she'd say, 'Let's tone this dress down a bit. Irene, make it look poorer.' The next day, 'I've changed my mind, Irene, I think we should key the dress up, make it pretty.' Or she'll worry, 'In the funeral scene, do you think we should dramatize the dress a little, or make it more drab?' She doesn't take anything lightly, Greer doesn't. Which is part of her graciousness, since true graciousness gives time and thought and painstaking effort and consideration to people, to jobs, to the whole fabric of living which includes, if I may say so, clothes!

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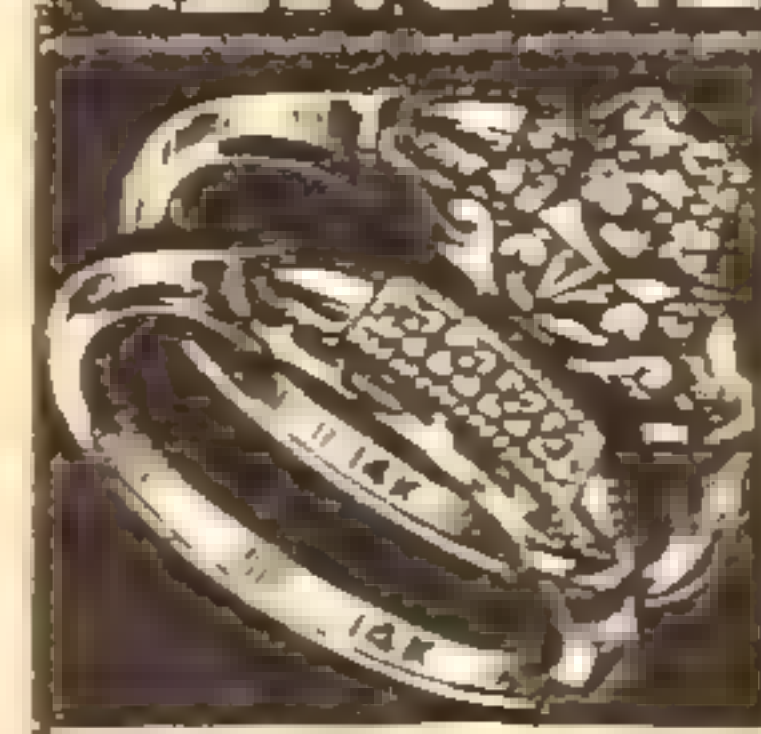
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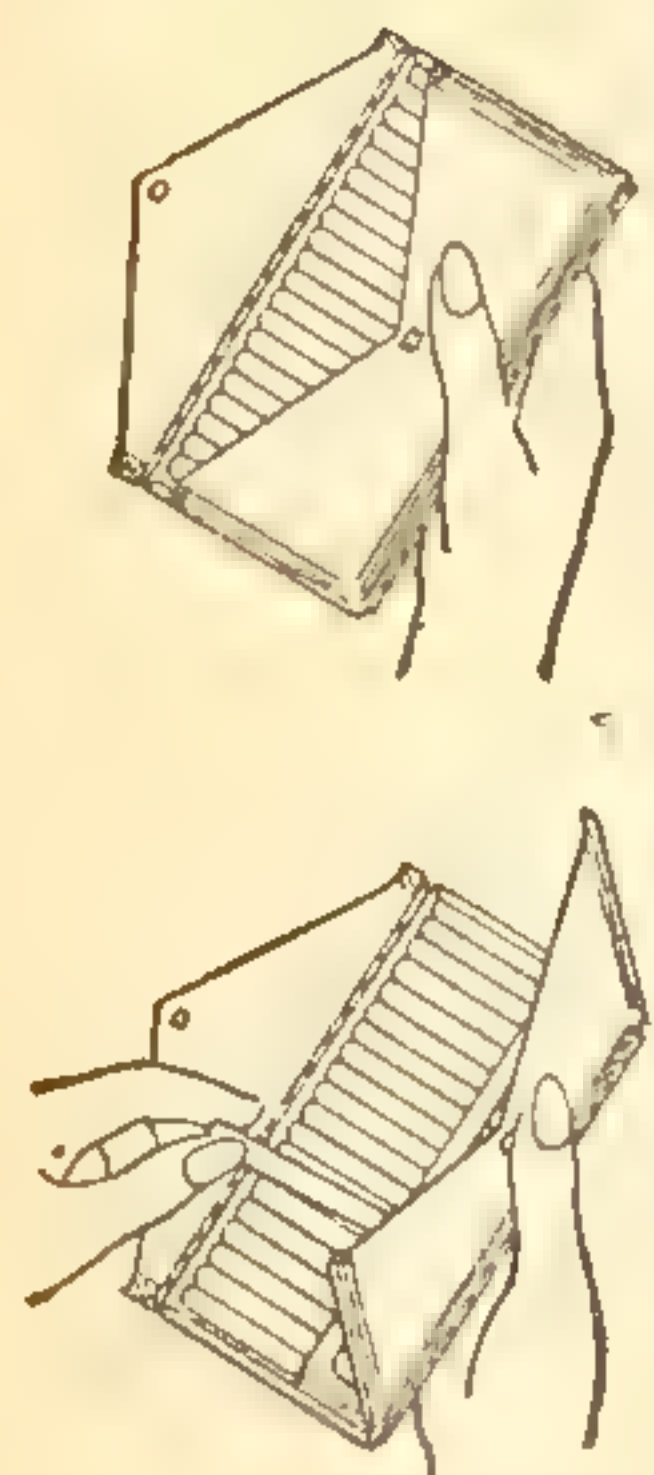
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last out! For Dietrich wears herself out before a picture starts and those who work with her on clothes end by committing hari-kari on a paper of pins!

"If Dietrich has, let's say, six changes of costume in a picture it takes, roughly speaking, four months to make them. Such passion for detail and such vitality I have never known in my life. Some time ago, before I had left Bullock's Wilshire to come to MGM, Dietrich called me to say she wanted, must have, *please* would I do her a beaded dress for a New Year's Eve party, which was only a few days off. Being Dietrich who does the impossible for others, one does the impossible for her. Accordingly, I arranged with her to be in the shop at 8:30 in the morning. She was in the shop at 8:30 in the morning, on the tick—and stood *all day long* while we created the dress on her, bead by bead. At 8:30 that night, she sent her chauffeur home for her make-up and for something to eat, put on the dress and went to the party!

"For her personal use, as well as for the screen, Dietrich likes man-tailored suits, with very broad shoulders and a tie, or glamorous, very glamorous evening gowns—and nothing 'in between.'

"I never want a 'good dress,' Dietrich once told me, 'I want an exciting dress. I want a dress that will be stared at, envied, talked about. If it is not talked about, on me it is not good. I will not be de-glamorized! The fans,' she added with her sultry and stirring laugh, 'do not want to think of Dietrich over a hot stove!'

"While I was working on the sketches for Hedy Lamarr's clothes for 'Her Highness And The Bellboy,' it struck me that a 'Lamarr dress' is an old-world dress. A dress with touches of the medieval, the pre-Raphaelite, the richly antique. The idea came to me, not only because Hedy plays, in this picture, a princess from an imaginary kingdom, but also because she was, at the time, expecting her baby and as I was wondering how I was going to make Hedy look like Hedy, it occurred to me that old-world clothes, with their stiff and sumptuous fabrics and skirts hung from the waist, would not only solve my problem beautifully but would, also, suit Hedy perfectly. (For the sequences laid in New York, I gave her housecoats, taffetas, brocades, velvets.) Furthermore, old-world clothes would intrigue her. The main difficulty in dressing Hedy is that she hates it so. There is the most beautiful head anyone ever wore on a neck, but — perhaps because she is so beautiful, she has never had to bother — she doesn't, she actually does *not* care how she looks. You could sit with Hedy the day through and never once catch her looking at herself in a mirror, or using a compact or a lipstick.

"Hedy, on the screen and off, could be sensational in clothes if she just 'felt' for them. She doesn't. 'Can't we take it off now?' or 'Do we *have* to fit that again?' is the burden of her plaint in the fitting room. In fact, we made most of her clothes for 'Her Highness And The Bellboy' by using one of the girls on the lot as the lay figure since Hedy, the little minx, used her pregnancy as, wouldn't you just know it, an unanswerable

argument against standing for fittings!

"But if there is any type of clothes in which she is interested, it is in period things, costumes, motley for the masque and so on. There is so much of the child in Hedy that 'costumes' give her the sense of 'dressing up' and make-believe. It was at her suggestion, she told me, that 'Experiment Perilous' was set back a quarter of a century and dressed accordingly.

"Off the screen, if Hedy does not wear slacks, which she usually does and, I must admit, although reluctantly, very well, too, she wears peasant dresses, peasant blouses, gay dirndls and vivid bandanas tied around her stone black hair. The only jewelry she likes is pearls. 'Because they look so clean,' she says.

"An Esther Williams dress is an 'outdoors dress.' For Esther is the athletic type and isn't really good in anything that isn't tailored to the epic measurements of sea and wind and open skies. A large girl, superbly built, I always do slim suits for her. And slim evening gowns, also tailored. So tailored, in fact, that if she took a fancy to cut the skirts off short, she could wear them as sports dresses. And none of the suits, either for daytime or evening, have the built-out shoulders which, to my relief, since I loathe them, went out three years ago.

"Since Esther is feminine as well as vigorous, I make her suits of soft materials, for the feminine thing is implicit in the material—also in such detail as sequins of green, scarlet, blue and gold on plain black or white crêpe dinner and cocktail dresses.

"The younger girls have not, for the most part, of course, found their 'clothes personalities' as yet. These, like the more arduous and important task of finding themselves, must develop as the girls develop.

"Kathryn Grayson, whom we consider, in spite of her marriage, one of our very young stars, would *love* to be 'sirenish.' Naturally. All youngsters would. I did Judy Garland's first really sophisticated dress, she was so thrilled she nearly ruined it by crying large, joyous tears all over it. But Kathryn isn't ready for sophistication yet. And, poor child, doesn't get it. Instead, I give her simply tailored suits, one-piece dresses and evening dresses with very full skirts. Evening dresses which, like her other things, and to her despair, are 'school-girlish.'

"June Allyson, who declares, vehemently, that she would give her life 'to look like Lauren Bacall,' is also in our little girl group and will remain, until the 'moving finger writes' more lines on her life and on her face, in the plain, classic suits and dresses all well-dressed young things wear.

"I never," Irene laughed, "make the smug and fatal error of telling the youngsters to look their vintage. Since it is true that the only people who do not appreciate youth are the young, I pin my lips together and, over their pouts and peevish protests, pin on them the things appropriate to their age, and not a day older.

"They'll mature soon enough. Their pliant personalities will take form and shape. And so will their lives. And their careers. *And their clothes.*"



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Lady Luck to Glenn Ford

Continued from page 36

ually you got around to talking about your ideal girl. You said you kind of hoped she wouldn't drink or smoke. Maybe she'd like a home. Maybe a few kids. You wanted her to be nice. And real. Maybe she'd be gay, fun-loving, make up a bit for some of those sombre moments, those silent serious moments you wished you could throw off.

Pat knew just the girl. Name? Eleanor Powell. Pat told Eleanor about you. Out on a bond cavalcade, Pat kept bringing up your name. Sunday has always been your favorite day. Sleep late, let your beard grow, coffee in front of the fire, favorite radio shows. That was the day you and Eleanor met. Somehow you knew it was going to happen, as you dressed to go to Pat's house for dinner.

October 23, 1943. Your wedding day. Eleanor seemed to glisten, standing there all in white. You were in your Marine dress blues—tall, handsome, singing inside. What a trip it had been up from the base! A late start. Flat tire. Just barely time to make it. The photographers were there. The press waiting too. You didn't forget the people who had helped you when you needed help. There was music, sort of incidental music being played before the ceremony. Suddenly the sweet strains of "Sweet Leilani," the piece both you and Ellie loved best. You wondered if she could hear it upstairs where she was getting dressed.

That ten day furlough. The St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Harry Owen and his Royal Hawaiians dedicating "Sweet Leilani." Very sweet indeed. All too soon your honeymoon was over. Ellie went back to Hollywood. You returned to the serious business of serv-



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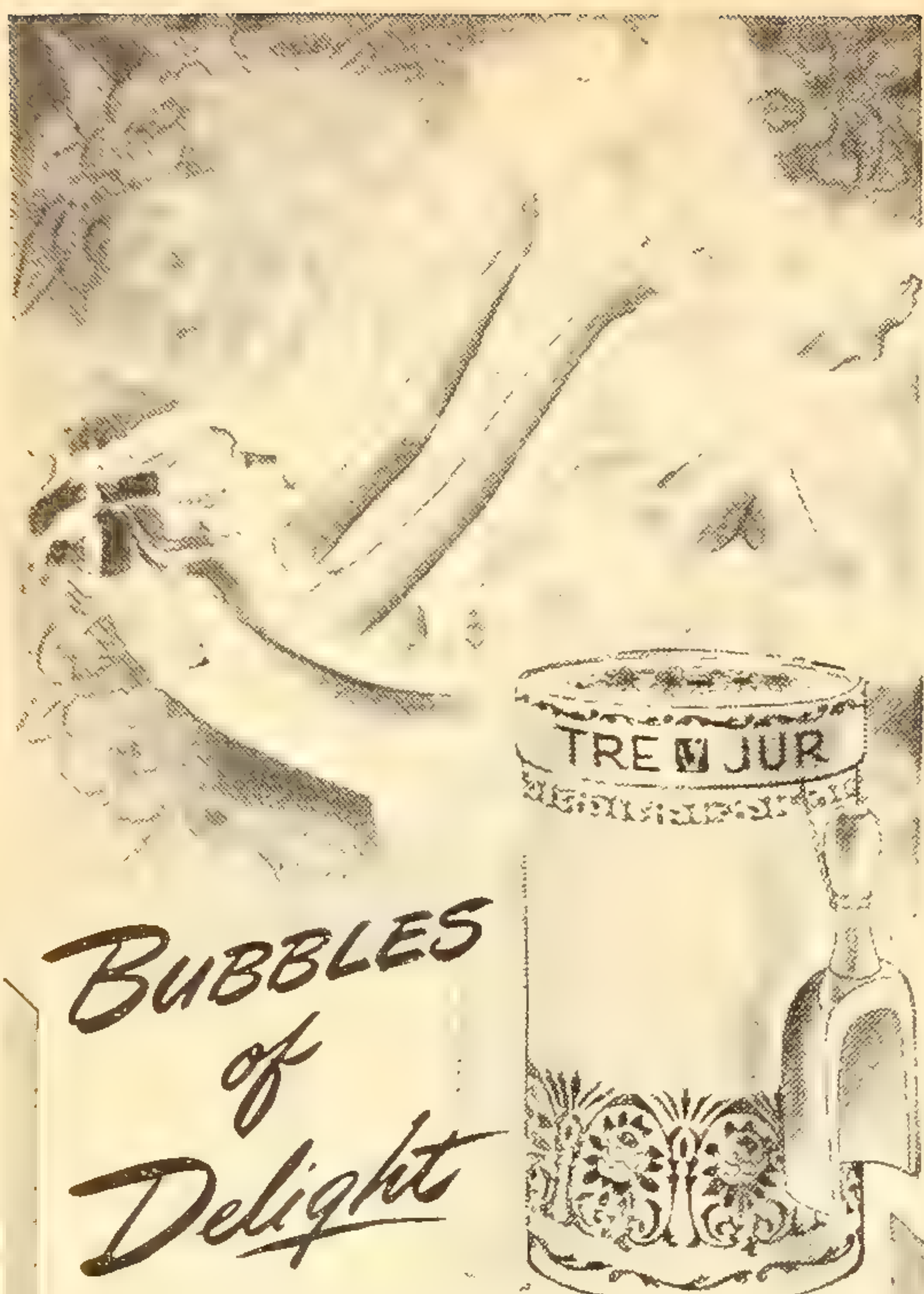
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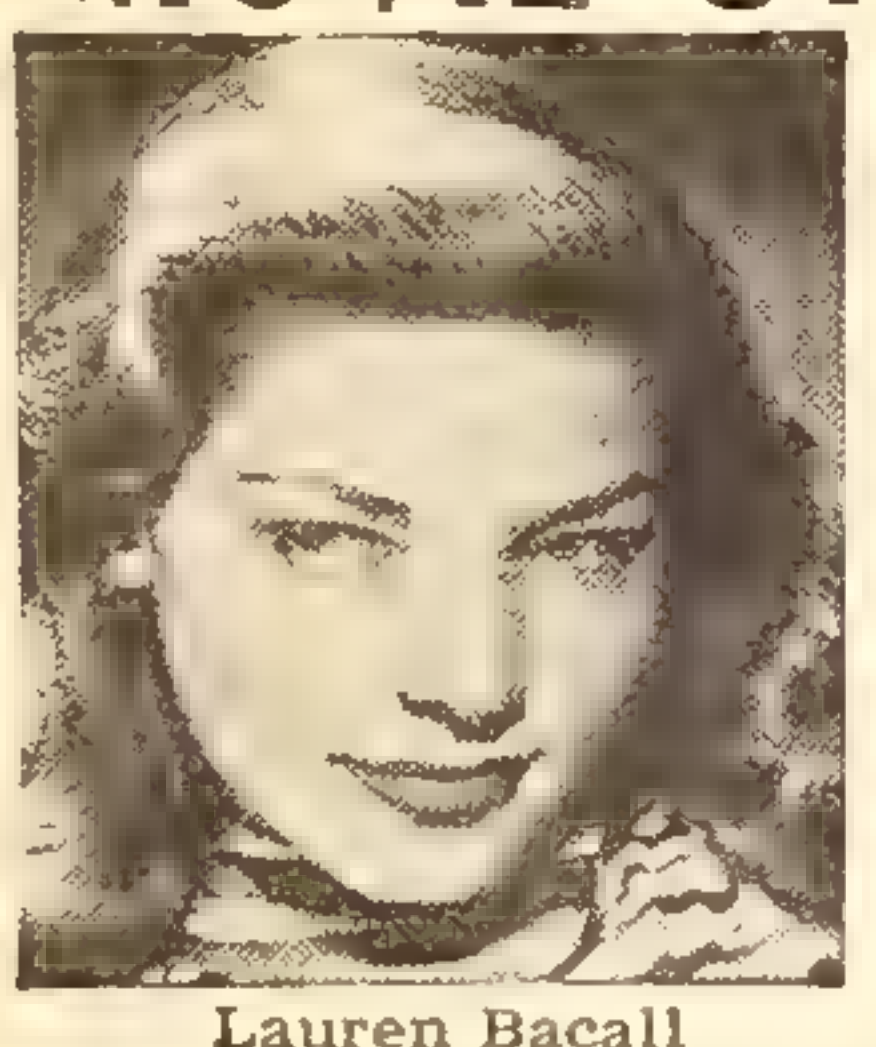
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ing Uncle Sam. Like so many other guys, you were doing a fine job. But you were lonesome for the one you loved. Then one day that excited phone call. You thought you'd never get through to her.

"Ellie—Ellie, I've found a little three room place," you told her. "It's in La Jolla, kind of like a guest house. It's right by the ocean—water just outside the door."

Those wonderful weekends—wonderful when you'd rate a 48 hour pass. Ellie did the cooking. You set the table. Sometimes you sat there for hours, the candles burning themselves out. You wanted to talk but you couldn't talk. Just silence—Ellie's precious presence—you two watching the sea. Then again the words gushed out in torrents, things you had been trying to say. About those first seven weeks in boot camp. No one knew you were an actor. And you were glad. Gave you a chance to make good on your own. Gave you a chance to prove an actor can be as regular as the next fellow—if the guys will just be fair.

Then Tyrone Power came to see you. But it was all right. Ty was in. So were you. Platoon Sergeant Murphy! Red-headed, hard-boiled, lovable Irish Murphy. That Honor Medal for being—"the best blankety-blank Marine in Platoon 259." Sergeant Murphy said so. Said they didn't play favorites in the Marine Corps. (As if you didn't know!) At first he hadn't liked you. Didn't know you, but because you were an actor, made up his mind you were no damn good. How wrong he was and he told you so—in front of the whole platoon. His words kept ringing in your ears.

Commanding Officer Col. Cox pinning on that medal. Congratulating you for having the most outstanding qualifications of any man in your platoon. (Ty Power received the same medal, too.) The medal taken back after the ceremony, which at first made you feel kind of funny. An official certificate replacing it, an old Marine custom. Then there was that moment you had dreaded. That moment when they ran "Destroyer." What a ribbing those leathernecks gave you when you walked out on the screen in sailor's uniform! You were slowly dying inside. But you grinned and took it. They liked you even better for it.

That full page picture of you in the Sunday supplement. Your favorite day. At that moment *not* your favorite day! They tacked the picture over your bunk. Two guns drawn movie style. Evelyn Keyes, fragile and frightened, swooning in your arms. "Get a load of two-gun Ford," they roared at you. More roaring when you tore the picture down and ground it beneath your foot. You kept grinning while you did it.

A guy who got more than two letters a day had to run the belt line! Sixty guys—thirty guys on each side standing five feet apart. Belt drawn. Another old Marine custom! Those special blue envelopes Ellie always used. Standing out like sore thumbs. Even the guys got to know 'em. One—two—three—sometimes as many as ten letters a day. You'd see 'em long before they got to

'em—long before they called out your name. Down the belt line you'd go, Ellie's blue envelopes clutched tightly in a fist. One good whack deserved another. And how the Marines had landed!

The recurrence of that old stomach injury back in 1938. Lying there in the hospital again there was time to think. Thoughts of all you had learned about your fellow man. New values for old. You told Ellie all about it when she came to see you.

"I've really learned to stand on my own two feet," you said. "It's funny, but when you're stripped down to the very bare essentials, you see a lot of things differently. You learn to detect a phony a mile off. It's the greatest experience to sit in an audience with a bunch of G.I.'s. They recognize phoniness because they *know*. You can't get away with anything with those guys. They are the great cross section and they can't be kidded."

"I literally prayed that most of the pictures I'd made wouldn't be shown there. Some of the things I thought were pretty good, I now knew were awful. A sad awakening but an important one. I came off pretty good in 'Destroyer,' except for my sailor's costume. And, of course, those love scenes! The movies have never heard sound effects until they've witnessed a love scene in a Marine camp!"

December 7, 1944—the day of your honorable discharge. Strangely enough, it wasn't the way you had planned it. Down deep inside you felt lost. Like the day you went in. Of course there was Ellie waiting. Happy, anxious Ellie. And Christmas. In February your son would be along. Yes, you knew it was going to be a boy. But you pretended it didn't make any difference. Now you were no longer a cog in a big wheel, something you had always dreaded to be. You were no longer part of a big machine, one of sixty guys who had worked and sweated and grown—together. You managed to tell Ellie how you felt because you wanted her to understand. That first night back, dining with Ellie at the Beachcombers, you said: "I have ceased to be impressed by myself as a person and an actor. I've been around guys who are impressed by naturalness. I've got to struggle to remain like them. That's why I turned down officer's training."

It was true. You had turned it down because you felt more like an enlisted man than an officer. The only way you could ever feel. Those guys thought you were doing a wonderful thing. A man just doesn't turn down OCS if he gets a crack at it. You were behaving "just like one of us," is the way they put it. Wasn't that the way it was supposed to be? That's the way you figured it.

There followed a long period of waiting. Sometimes you wondered. About your career. About a lot of things. Was there going to be a place for you on the screen? From 161 lbs. when you went in, you now weighed 175. You'd have to make some money fast. Needed all new clothes—nothing fit any more. How strange those civvies felt at first. Always careful to hang them up in place,

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too. Not like it used to be when you tossed them carelessly over a chair. In the Marines you didn't do it that way. Laundry took three weeks now before you got it back. Lucky you were trained to wash out your own things.

Now your hair was growing out. Getting a little used to it, wearing it longer again. Memories of dehydrated milk made that fresh milk seem awfully good. No food left on your plate either. Not even gristle. Nice warm soapy water for shaving, not the cold kind from the sea. Funny thing, you'd tell yourself, how precious hot water can be. How precious a lot of things can be - when a guy takes time out to be grateful.

February 5, 1945, Peter Newton Ford was born. Ellie picked the first name. The second was after your father. What a fine healthy son! How proud you were. Of him and Ellie. Darned if you could put it into words. But you showed it in your eyes. Your happiness was almost complete - just almost, because you knew Susan Peters was in the same hospital. Lovely Susan Peters, victim of a freak hunting accident. You felt almost as if you didn't have the right. You wished there was something you could do for Susan. And her husband, Dick Quine.

That day you lunched in the Warner Bros. Green Room. You met Bette Davis. "Get a load of what's happening to the Buck Sergeant," you kept whispering to yourself. You felt Bette looking at you. Your amazed ears heard her saying: "We're desperate for a leading man. I'll be frank with you. I've never seen you on the screen. But you're perfect for the part. Now if you just won't look too young playing my husband - we'd like to make a test - that is, if you wouldn't mind making one."

Wouldn't mind making one! What a week followed! Your test turned out perfect. Bette Davis, her director, Curtis Bernhardt, everyone - was terribly pleased. Everyone but the front office. An actor already under contract, they wanted for the part. Why borrow a man from another lot? Of course you understood. But you also still wanted it. Anxious days while Bette tested with the other actor. Only fair to give him his chance. That awful endless waiting. Slipping into the hospital after visiting hours to see Peter Newton. White-lying to the nurse - you were leaving at dawn on location. Could you just hold your son for a second?

Finally, that phone call. Studio opposition wiped out. Bette Davis fighting for you all the way. A new contract as direct result. More money. A better deal. Greater importance for you at your own studio, where they once took you for granted. Thanks to Bette Davis. You'd do the job well. You didn't tell her so. But she knew it. And you have. Just like you've done everything else well. Because you have heart and feeling. Because you have learned to share what the other fellow is feeling. Because you are Glenn Ford. A whole new life is waiting. There's Peter Newton. And Ellie. There's Bette Davis and countless others who believe in you, too. Most important of all, there's you - you who have learned to believe in yourself.

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Fans' Forum

Continued from page 14

ful if I could have Tom Drake's picture up there, too! Golly, I surely hope he hears my plea and obliges.

MISS BOBBY MARTIN, Van Buren, Me.

So "to put it charitably 'The Desert Song' was hardly a sensation!" This according to S. R. Mook in his story, "Morgan In Demand."

I do not claim to be a movie critic but I attend as many of the good movies as anyone and in my estimation "The Desert Song" was wonderful.

It is difficult for me to go to the theater. I am an invalid and must be taken in a wheelchair. Despite this I went twice to see "The Desert Song"!

The story, the setting, the coloring, the humor, the music, Dennis Morgan's voice, and Dennis Morgan made the picture a sensation.

To say the picture was hardly a sensation was not charitable! It was an exciting, interesting picture that patrons will not soon forget, and that's what sensation means. Look it up in the dictionary and agree with me: "The Desert Song" was a sensation!

DE VONNE SCHULTZ, Luana, Iowa

Open Letter To Producers:

I have been chosen by a group of my friends to write this open letter to you. In the past you have given birth to many stars because you were quick to recognize their talent and appeal to the public. Well, if a humble movie-goer may express her opinion and hope that you will read and consider the advice which I am about to give, here goes:

There is a new talent in Hollywood who, in my estimation, has remarkable acting ability, great charm, sex-appeal and in short,

everything. He is one Charles Korvin, who recently graced the New York stage. His first movie release, "Enter Arsene Lupin," established him as a suave, debonair rascal whose gentle, refined manner proves once more that chivalry is not dead. It was wonderful to see, for a change, a personality who is, to put it as the teen-agers would, "really smooth." No doubt his handsome face, graceful movement and captivating smile set every feminine heart skipping a beat or two. Mr. Korvin is something that doesn't come along often and it would be a shame to allow this new and fascinating gentleman to go unnoticed.

Well, sirs, I hope I haven't bored you with my over-enthusiasm but when such a new, exciting find comes to the screen, I feel it is not just to keep the praise he deserves to myself. I believe that your keen sense and alertness will be quick to recognize this extraordinary combination of talent and good looks. So please let us see more of Mr. Korvin on the screen.

RUTH LERMAN, Boston, Mass.

It was all wrong but it's all right now.

When I first read that Gregory Peck was to play *Paul* in "The Valley Of Decision" opposite Greer Garson as *Mary*, I thought, it just can't be. Walter Pidgeon should play *Paul*. Who is this Peck guy, anyway? They can't do this. Pidgeon belongs opposite Garson.

But last night I saw Gregory Peck in "Keys Of The Kingdom." What a change in my feelings! He's one grand guy. I'm completely reconciled now to seeing him opposite my ideal, Greer Garson, and am looking forward to seeing "V.O.D."

Yes, it's all right, now.

R. E. GROMLEY, Jersey Shore, Pa.

Shirley, Today!

Continued from page 33

She held up her hand and twinkled the ring. "We meant to keep it a secret, but the next day there was a party at The Tropics for forty-two Seniors of Westlake, where I go to school. I tried to eat with the glove on my left hand, but all up and down the table I could see one head after another turning to look. So I jumped up and ran into the powder-room, with all forty-two running after me!"

Of course forty-two girls couldn't keep a secret and the next very important step was to break the news gently to David O. Selznick, Shirley's boss and producer. She called him up and in a meek, small voice asked him did he mind? He said he didn't at all and moreover that it was wonderful and he wished her the greatest happiness.

"But I can say it's just a gag if you want me to," Shirley offered loyally. "I can just say the ring's not real and that it's all a joke if you think people won't like me being engaged."

"No, no, dear!" Selznick's hearty protest put an end to that nonsense. "I'll have the ladies and gentlemen of the press at your house tonight to meet Jack and we'll tell the world about it!"

Shirley looked at her mother and Mrs. Temple looked at Shirley. They were

disappointed because they'd wanted only a simple, formal announcement on the society page—but if Mr. S. wanted it his way, they wouldn't argue.

"But poor Jack!" Shirley sighed. "He'd never been through anything like that. I could feel his arm shaking while our pictures were being taken, and his face was as red as a beet. But he was wonderful—just wonderful!"

When the photographers and press had gone, Shirley and Jack retired to the silence of the library to recover their equanimity. When they returned to the rest of the family, Mrs. Temple idly asked where they had been. "Looking at the National Geographic," was Shirley's guileless reply.

Shirley and Jack met two years ago on a blind date at Ann Gallery's house next door. Ann is Zasu Pitts' daughter and the girls have been chums since babyhood.

"Jack was a friend of a boy in the Marines Ann knew," Shirley explained, "and for quite awhile the four of us used to double-date a lot. We'd go dancing and to the movies and do crazy things like playing all the concessions at the Venice Pier. We had a lot of fun without any idea of falling in love at all. I



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went out with other boys and I guess Jack may have taken other girls around, too."

When Jack was transferred to another field for seven months, casual, friendly letters were exchanged. Then he came back and went away again—and the letters weren't nearly so casual. By the time he was stationed at March Field, the thing was as good as settled.

"Mother and my brothers were wonderful about my being engaged," Shirley glowed. "But I was worried a lot about how Daddy would take it. You know how fathers are—especially when they've only got one daughter! You can imagine how relieved I was when he told me he approved and that he thinks Jack's a fine boy and that he's as sure as I am that we'll be very, very happy."

Shirley and Jack have promised their parents they won't marry for two years or possibly three. Everyone concerned feels that a girl just seventeen is too young to assume the responsibilities of marriage and that, too, with upset war conditions, it would be wiser to wait. There haven't been any showers or presents given the bride-to-be, for, as Shirley herself says, "With the wedding so far off, there'd be no point to it."

Shirley and her mother—and Jack's mother, too—have been very hurt by a radio commentator's criticism that she should not have accepted Jack's ring with the statement that she will go out with other boys should Jack be transferred to a distant field or be sent overseas.

"I don't think it was fair of him to say that," Shirley protested. "Jack and I talked it over and we both feel there couldn't possibly be anything wrong with my going out with boys I've known for eight or ten years. We feel that if I made a point of *not* going out while he is gone, it would put the wrong emphasis on the friends I've had ever since I was a little girl."

Jack has no plans right now for the time when he returns to civilian life. After the ordeal with the press photographers, several studios made movie offers. But he's not interested, nor does he want to make a career of his fine voice. "He sings like Andy Russell," Shirley explained, then added with a sly little smile, "That's sort of nice to have around the house!"

When they're married, Shirley wants to go on working, of course, and to have a small house of her own. She wants to do all the cleaning and cooking herself and when I pointed out politely she was talking through her hat, she temporized, "—well, for about a week, anyway!"

Probably no girl in the world has had more well-wishers interested in her engagement. Long-distance operators transmitting calls wish her happiness; messengers, policemen, waiters, chauffeurs and shop-girls tell her how glad they are. In the nation's capitol, Representative Gordon L. McDonough told the House that he viewed her betrothal as "democracy in action" and added that she is a very special person indeed and that "all members of the House wish her long and blessed happiness."

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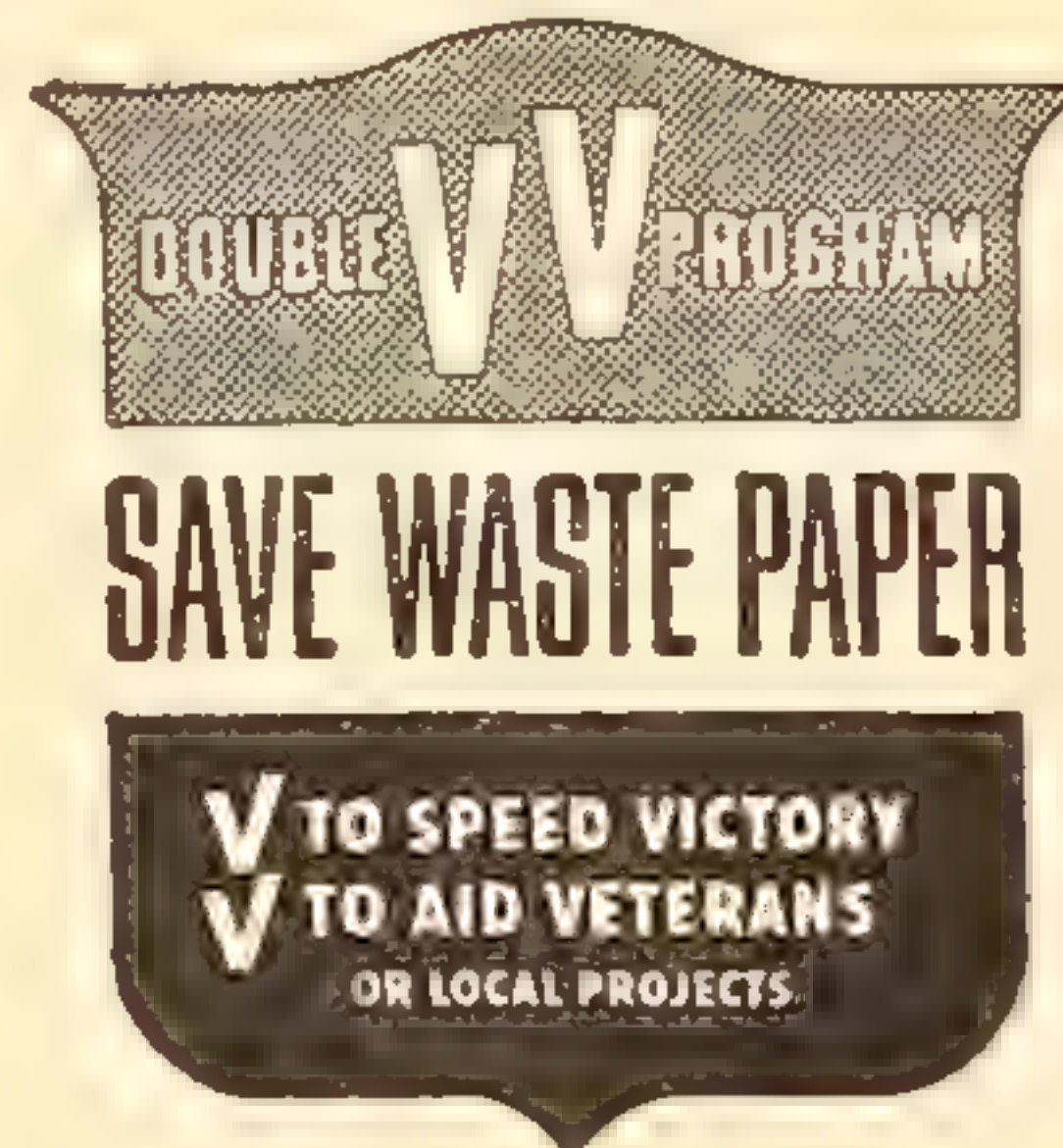


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Memo to Alex Knox

Continued from page 39

rôle to play in my next picture, or else—!"

You did not, you explained, mean that you had any wish to remain in villainy for the duration. To play dastards was, simply, the most radical step you could think of taking away from the perennial divines. Having been an actor, and a fairly successful one, for some time, what you wanted was escape from typing into a variety of rôles.

"I doubt," you said, "that I could be a glamor boy. I can't imagine that I would be satisfying in that category. But otherwise I, as an actor, should have no limitations. Matter of fact, I go to the pictures a great deal and while I have special admiration for Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman — and, naturally, Margaret O'Brien — actors who have a wonderful command of their medium, know what they are doing, actually I like watching the character people most of all. Barry Fitzgerald, one of my best friends is, in my opinion, the finest actor on the screen. In the theater for 20 years, he has the same vivid quality Marie Dressler had. His priest in 'Going My Way' is one of the richest performances I have ever seen."

Then, because you have, as Charles Coburn said of you, the "actor's face, pliable, capable of assuming the features and expressions of any type of man," you got the name part in "Wilson."

"I will be delighted," you told me, "if 'Wilson' enables me to do some of the things I want to do. But I am not unduly optimistic. I've seen many an actor make a hit in a certain play, or film, and then never do anything again. Besides I am not, as I said, sure I have the stuff that makes for an 'attraction' at the box-office."

But over at Columbia where, co-starred with Irene Dunne, you recently finished making "Over 21," they tell me you *have*, Alex. Have what it takes to be a box-office attraction, I mean. After all, Van Johnson isn't an Adonis. Nor Humphrey Bogart. Nor Jimmy Cagney. Nor John Hodiak.

Come to that, you would have been pretty tasty in the pulpit, too, Alex. You look, except for that glint in your eyes and that dimple in your cheek, like a minister's son. You look serious, even studious. You dress quietly, in grays and blacks and browns. Your interests are in bookish things. You live in a furnished apartment on the Strip in Hollywood, and have few possessions. You like to "travel light," you said so. You like to move about a lot, always have and always will. You've lived in a trunk for so many years you are, you explained, used to it. Of course, you've been married twice, which rather confuses the issue. But perhaps two can travel as lightly as one, if they put their minds to it. But you do have books. You have libraries in three places. At home, in Canada. At the farm in Connecticut, of which you are part owner, and in the apartment where you and your bride Doris Nolan still

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live. You write, which would come in handy with sermons. You're dreamy when you play the piano. For the most part it isn't, let's face it, church music you play. But you could convert. You are, you admit, "dogmatic, apt to be a little bossy," which would keep your parishioners in hand. In addition, you have a speaking voice, with organ tones, rich and beautiful, which would be an asset to any pulpit. Furthermore, you behaved, when a youngster—as ministers' sons are popularly supposed to behave—like, in one plain word, a hellion.

Born on January 16, 1917, in London, Canada, most of your boyhood was spent on the family farm, 20 miles out of the town of London. There, the long summers through, you, your two brothers (one now deceased; the other, a doctor in France) and a flock of cousins displayed an ingenuity *Huck Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* might have envied, in concocting and organizing shrewd deviltries.

"We were all," you said, reminiscently, "supposed to learn a certain number of verses from the Bible, to be recited to our elders on Sunday mornings. Being engaged in various enterprises, all more to my liking than learning Bible verses, I hit on the plan of persuading my brothers and cousins to climb the tall trees in the grove I christened 'The Cathedral of the Trees,' there to study their verses and, when their names were called, to shinny down and recite them. On the first Sunday, when my name was called, I announced that I would be 'different' and recite my verses from among the leafy and concealing boughs. On the second Sunday, having delivered myself of my verses (I hadn't, as you probably suspected, learned them at all, but was simply reading them) the ensuing silence was broken by my father's voice saying, 'Now, come down and say them!'

"I was, as befitted a minister's son, very active in boys' clubs in the neighborhood and among our activities were long hikes on Saturdays. Having planned, long and deviously, how I could get out of going to church on Sundays, I suggested to the gang, one Saturday, that we hike to a spot I knew, ten miles from the farm, where the forest was deep and the fishing excellent, and stay the night. Not until we reached our destination did I manage to persuade the kids to make a night of it—providing I would phone their parents for permission. This meant retracing my steps, five miles, to the nearest telephone. But I made it, phoned the boys' parents and got permission—for everybody but myself!"

Thinking of you as ministerial timbre, however, and in spite of your orthodox misbehavior as a boy, brings to mind certain traits of character and temperament which are, perhaps, more suitable to the footlights than to the pulpit. In the first place you were, at the age of 12 or 13, stage-struck.

"In a Presbyterian household," you said, "it is, for obvious reasons, difficult to get on the stage. That I succeeded is thanks to my aunt, Agnes Knox Black, who managed to reconcile a stage career

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and the family, by making of her work a thing of dignity and distinction. As a reader of renown in the 90's, Aunt Agnes was famed in Canada, in New England and in London, England, for her superb readings of Shakespeare, the Odes of Keats and so on. Beautiful, dynamic, exciting, she was a very impressive individual and her personality, no less than her stories of the theater and theater folk, influenced me tremendously.

"During many a long summer day, she would sit on the front porch of the farmhouse while in the orchard, an eighth of a mile away, I would declaim, not recite, Shakespeare to her. After I had shouted an act or two from the Bard, I would run to the house and she would criticize my readings. Once she said, 'How do you expect people in the galleries will hear you if I can't?' Whereupon I would tear back and burst my lungs wide open giving the most resounding rendition of *Hamlet's* soliloquy.

"But as I sweated and shouted through those summer days, I learned to love the English language and the theater in which it is spoken. And since one of my pet hates is people who do not do what they want to do, I took an oath on it that I *would* do what I want to do—and always have. When I wanted to go in the theater, I did; when I wanted to write, I wrote."

And so you did. Your life, until you came to Hollywood, was, in fact, a series of lightning changes between the inkwell and the footlights. After attending local Canadian public and high schools, you went to Western Ontario University, soaked up all the dramatic training and experience to be had on the campus and then joined the Peabody Playhouse Players, in Boston. When the

crash of 1929 put an end to this enterprise, you joined the editorial staff of the *Boston Post*, writing special features. Returning to Canada, you became a feature writer for the *London, Ontario, Advertiser*. In 1931, you forsook journalism and, sailing for England, joined the stock company of the Wyndham Theater where you played a series of juvenile rôles in Edgar Wallace productions. Tiring of juveniles, as you habitually tire of anything that smacks of monotony or routine, you again gave up acting to write reviews and criticisms for the *London Times*, *The Manchester Guardian* and, returning home shortly thereafter, was again special correspondent for the *Advertiser*. You also tried your hand, under the influence of Edgar Wallace, at writing detective novels, several of which have been published, but not under your name. Later, you wrote another novel, "Bride In Question," under your own name. When the pendulum swings to the pen, you still write.

Then, the cycle changing yet again, you returned to London, England, played the title rôle of *Richard III* at the Old Vic, and, during the winter of 1938-39, combined your talents by writing a play, "Old Master," and, at the famed Malvern Festival, starring in it.

Returning to Canada, this time as a performer for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, you stayed until your friends, Larry Olivier and Vivien Leigh, asked you to join them in "Romeo and Juliet." You did "Jupiter Laughs," then journeyed to Hollywood in quest of your (theatrical) youth.

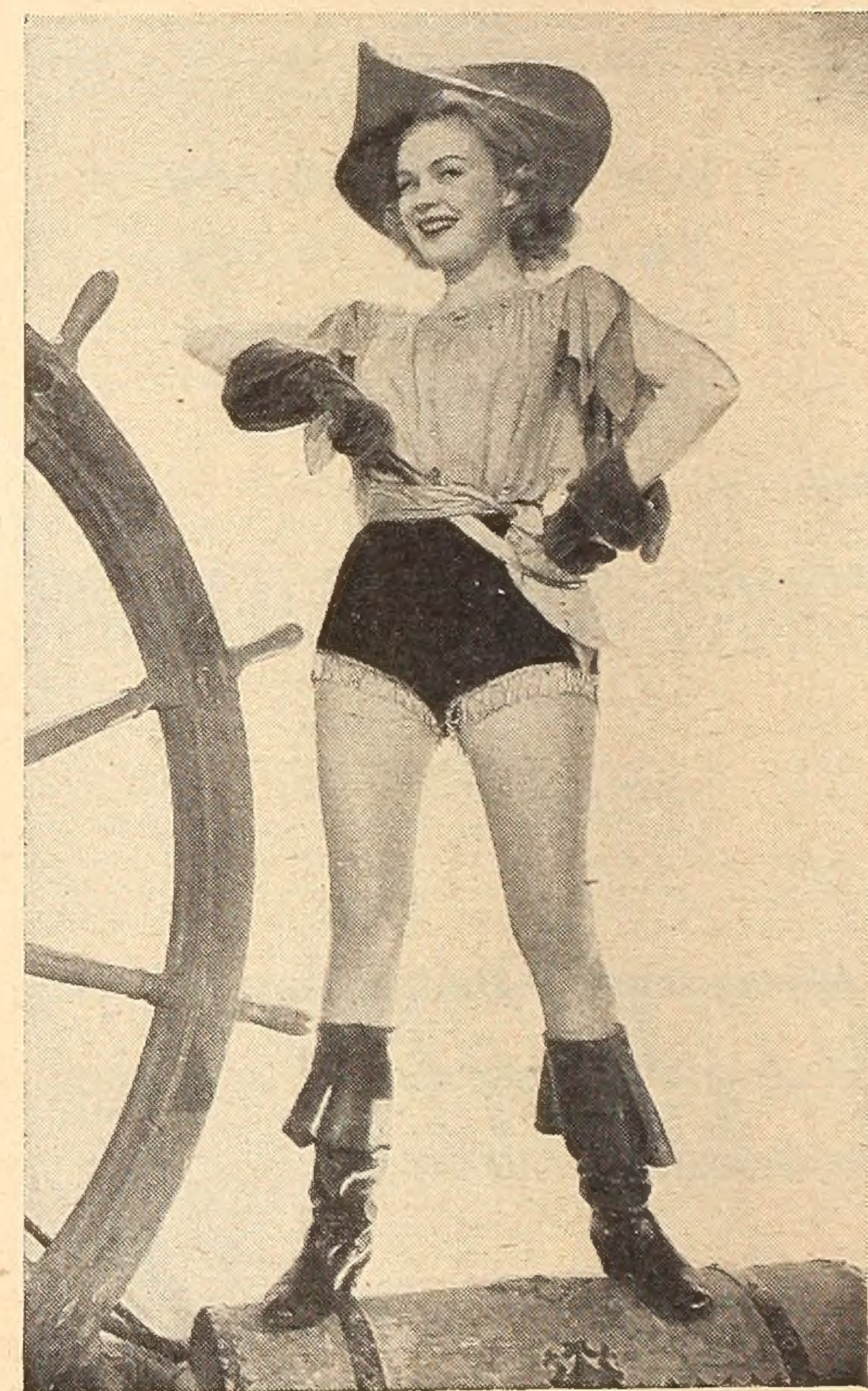
In addition to your love of the theater which, as a minister of the gospel, you would certainly have to subdue if not stamp out altogether, you have a few

other qualities, habits, and opinions which would be unsuitable for the priestly calling. You have, for example, been married twice and once, two years ago, divorced. What is more, you "approve of divorce as an institution, yes," you said.

You are, or were before your second marriage, quite a one with the girls, dating frequently the loveliest of the Hollywood crop of lovelies.

You met Doris Nolan about four years ago, in San Francisco, where you were playing in "Romeo and Juliet," and she was appearing in "The Man Who Came To Dinner." For the past two years you and Doris were together constantly, but because you rarely appeared in any of Hollywood's popular spots, only a few people knew there was a romance brewing. Barry Fitzgerald was, in fact, the only one you took into your confidence, completely. You were married on December 30th, 1944, at the home of Allan Scott, a writer. Barry was best man. Edith Atwater, a friend of Doris', maid of honor. Because you were in the middle of "Over 21," you postponed your honeymoon but, as soon as you finished shooting, planned to go to New York. Doris' last play on Broadway was "The Doughgirls." She plans to continue her career. You want her to. You like women who do things. Furthermore, you believe that friendship is 75% of a successful marriage and that friendship depends largely on shared and similar interests.

You believe that Hollywood is "The most powerful town on the face of the earth. Even more powerful," you said, "than Washington. In that so much of the thinking today is conditioned by the implicit propaganda that emanates from here. Also, when you realize that visual education is about five times as instructive as oral, you have a fair idea of the importance of the motion picture industry."



June Haver, next appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "The Dolly Sisters."



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Maybelline
Eye Make-up
makes every hour
an Hour of Charm.
Always,
Evelyn

Evelyn — and her Magic Violin, featured
with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra
on the radio program, "The Hour of Charm."

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white veil, has a mole on her left cheek and is wearing bright red lipstick. She is looking slightly to the right. The background is a textured, mottled green and brown.

Sorcery in a single second!

NEW...
"Sheer Dynamite" face powder

So charged with excitement . . . vibrantly alive . . . it's like throwing a switch that veils your skin with bewitching warmth and richness. And because it's full of depth, loaded with color, shadows seem to disappear, eyes light up. Your face takes on a fascinating finish. Maybe, you do have a powder you've used for years, but it's just possible this Revlon color will do more for you . . . After all it is "Sheer Dynamite". . .

Texture, cling, fragrance, of course,
but the real difference in
Face Powder is

color by Revlon

CREATORS OF WORLD FAMOUS NAIL ENAMEL AND LIPSTICK

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